

LEASHED: TWO FOR ONE DEAL

Jet Mykles

Dedication

This one's for the members of my Yahoo Group, for their undying support. Also, for my editor, Raven, who told me to write about boys and more boys!

Prologue

I toyed with the talisman. At the moment, it was just a trinket. A burned twig, a feather, a written note, and a piece of string tying it all together. No one who didn't know what it was would even look at it twice. I twirled it over the bowl, deciding whether to do this.

I had to do this. Roland wasn't going to let up. At some point, he was going to catch me when my guard was down, or he was going to become more powerful and just take me. It was only a matter of time.

But the spell could prevent that. Cast it and let protection come to me.

Sighing, I dropped the talisman into the shallow pool of blood -- my blood -- at the bottom of the earthen bowl. Woodenly, I spoke the words to release the spell. With a quiet, inaudible rush, the talisman absorbed my blood, glowed briefly, and with a flash of intangible flame, the bowl was empty. Let all hell break loose! 2 Jet Mykles

Chapter One

"Meg!"

"What?"

"Where are you?"

"Down here."

I heard Gwen stomping toward me and wondered if she stepped heavily on purpose. I mean really, she was all of five feet tall and probably weighed eighty pounds. How did she make such a noise?

She rounded the end of the bookcase, batting aside a dangling paper jack o' lantern to find me kneeling on the floor. I was considerably taller than five foot -- I was five foot ten, actually -- and kneeling to put books away on the bottom shelf was not a comfortable position for me. I glanced up and groaned. Not because of the fact that my legs from the knees down had gone numb, but because of what she held in her hand.

"You've been going through the trash again."

She waved the embossed envelope at me. "And it's a damn good thing I did! Do you know who this is from?"

"Yes."

"And you threw it away?"

I met her determined blue-eyed stare with my own brown-eyed one. "Yes."

She gaped, struck dumb, amazingly enough. It didn't happen often. I took the opportunity to use the sturdy bookcase and the cold floor to push-pull myself to my feet.

Gwen finally found her voice. "You're going to turn down an invitation to Shannon Cavanagh's Halloween party?"

"Yes." Leashed: Two for One Deal 3

"Why?"

I sighed, reaching up to put my disheveled ponytail back in place. Long strands of my straight black hair had managed to work their way free during the last hour that I'd been working. Or had I pulled them free? "She doesn't really want me there, Gwen."

She shoved the black-and-gold invitation toward my face. "This proves otherwise."

I pushed the invitation aside, not even looking at it. "She sent it as a courtesy to a witch in her territory."

"She didn't send me one."

I tried not to flinch. There were good reasons Gwen didn't get one, but she never wanted to hear them. "You don't have the pedigree that I do."

Luckily, that explanation almost always worked, even if it made her grimace. "Yeah, well." She opened the invitation, eyeing the gold-on-black script. Very high class. Very Shannon. "It says you could bring a guest. You could bring me. Introduce me."

"No." I picked up the box I'd emptied of books and turned to walk away.

"Aw, c'mon, Meg."

"No."

"She might be able to help you."

I froze. "Absolutely not!"

Like one of those little terrier dogs that keeps nipping at your heels, Gwen followed me. "Have you asked her?"

I shoved aside a paper skeleton dangling from the wall near the front counter. "Why would I do a fool thing like that?"

She trailed me past the front counter into the back room before she grabbed my arm to stop me. The look she gave me was less annoyed than worried, a strange look on that round little face that usually showed defiance.

"Meg, I'm serious. Roland's going to come after you. You need help. And the guardian spell hasn't worked. It's been two weeks."

I took a deep breath, tossing the empty box into a corner. "I know that, Gwen."

"So --" She waved the invitation at me again. "-- maybe it's time to look somewhere else."

"Not Shannon, Gwen. She wouldn't help me."

"Why not?"

I grumbled. "Just let it go. Trust me. Shannon would be about as helpful as my mother."

"And I still don't understand why you don't call her. She's your mother."

I shook my head and lifted another box of books. "I don't know how to explain it to you any better than I already have, Gwen." She and I had only known each other two years, 4 Jet Mykles

but we had one of those solid relationships that just seemed to work. It was refreshing for me, since very few of my relationships ever really worked.

When I turned, she stood in the doorway, another invitation in her hand. That one made my blood run cold. It was white, with tasteful black lettering, elegant and understated. Gwen held it up with a sympathetic grimace.

"I found this one, too."

I pushed past her with the box, headed toward the front of the shop. "You've got to stay out of the trash."

"Meg, he'll come for you. You know that."

"Yes. I know."

"Halloween is tomorrow night."

"I know that, too."

"What are you going to do?"

I stopped at the end of one of the few bookcases in the far front corner of the shop, well away from the computer nooks and the front door. "I don't know," I whispered, trying to keep despair from resurfacing. I hated feeling helpless, and this whole situation did nothing but. "I'll call my sister tonight. Maybe Talia can ..." I stopped, frowning.

"What is it, Meg?" Gwen stepped toward me, concerned.

I shook my head, propping the box on my left hip to free my right hand. Something like invisible ants marched up under my skin. What was that? I flexed my hand, but the tingling in my fingers didn't stop. Actually, it wasn't just my hand; it was my entire arm.

"Oh, shit!"

I whirled to face the door. The box clattered to the floor, forgotten in favor of the spell that I

gathered in my palm. To a non-magic-user, it looked like I held nothing. But anyone with even a glimmering of the Gift or any training in the magical arts would see a whirling ball of yellow-white.

The bell over the shop's door jangled as it opened. I was at a bad angle to the front door, so I couldn't immediately see the person. I had to wait until whoever it was stepped in fully before I could see who had set off my metaphysical radar.

He was young. That was my first impression. Probably legal, but just barely. My second impression was that he was gorgeous! Tall and slim and built like a baseball rookie. Lean and muscular. He wore a faded denim jacket and matching jeans with a worn black Aerosmith t-shirt. A mess of light brown hair hung haphazardly almost to his shoulders, and the bluest eyes you ever saw scanned the shop from within the face of a teen idol. It took all of three seconds for that gaze to land on me, and the blue eyes changed. The color remained, but they were no longer human eyes at all. Canine. A werewolf. Leashed: Two for One Deal 5

Gwen gasped. I grabbed her arm to pull her behind me and held the spell ready. I didn't let loose. He didn't jump at me, just shared a stare. After a breath, he smiled.

Mmm, yummy! This was my protection?

I started to smile back, but he was pushed farther into the shop by the arrival of another. A bit taller than the first, this man barged into the shop with his eyes fixed on me. Like he already knew I was there. I barely got an impression of angry green eyes set into a face capped with silky black hair before he lunged, snarling.

The spell left my hand before my thought to release it happened. It hit his chest square, and I barked the word of power to activate it. He screamed, an entirely feline scream of rage that had our two customers ducking for cover.

I didn't have time to wonder at his appearance. The first man echoed the attack of the second, and because the spell wasn't ready, he actually reached me before I released another into his chest. He howled, tackling me as he fell.

It was done in a space of heartbeats. Both men lay stunned and moaning on the floor of the shop. I half-sat, half-lay beneath the wolfman. The wire rack behind me teetered, then fell, paperbacks toppling to the floor.

"Holy shit!" Have I mentioned Gwen is a wonder with words?

I didn't glance at her, though, too fascinated by my handiwork. The yellow-white energy spread through the auras of both men, alive as it crawled over their twitching bodies. It sank through their skin, their muscles, their bones, and I felt it. Not like it was happening to me, but like the spell was an extension of the hair on my arms, burrowing into their bodies. Then, as though it were being sucked up, the leashing spell coalesced into bands about their necks.

Unseen to any but me, another band snugged about the base of their cocks.

I groaned as the spell settled.

They were mine. 6 Jet Mykles

Chapter Two

“Why did you attack me?” I demanded of the green-eyed wonder.

Oh, what a wonder he was! If I’d thought the wolf was gorgeous, the cat was beyond belief. He was movie-star gorgeous. If James Bond looked like this guy, then I could easily see why women fell at his feet. Or, rather, into his bed. His features were sculpted with a smooth, touchable curve to them. His emerald-green eyes were hooded and sultry, with long, thick lashes. His black hair fell heavily across the right side of his face. The mouth set within a square, stubbly jaw was simply made to drive a woman to distraction with soft, suckable lips. The rest of him wasn’t bad, either. His muscled torso was displayed nicely by a tight white t-shirt. Worn black jeans shaped lovingly over thick thighs and calves.

He sat up, met my stare, and growled. There was no doubt he was a shifter. Only shifters could be leashed. He had a feline look to him. Although I could be wrong. Not all shifters’ builds matched their inner beasts.

My leashing spell pulsed about his throat, invisible to any but me and even fading to me as the spell settled. Soon, I’d have to concentrate to see it. But, until then, it was a clear indication of his murderous thoughts. “I won’t be leashed.”

I glanced up, but Gwen had already left my side to hustle our customers out and flip the closed sign. The two were regulars and knew I was a witch, but there was no sense in endangering them.

“I’ve got news for you, buddy,” I told my new guest. “You are.”

He bared his teeth, overlong canines evident. In less than the blink of an eye, his green irises expanded and his pupils slitted. I glanced down, and sure enough, his fingers had elongated to claws. Trying to hide my nerves, I glanced down at the wolfman. He was just now pushing himself from his sprawl across my legs. He didn’t seem nearly as bothered as his friend. If Leashed: Two for One Deal 7 they were friends. They’d come in so fast, I couldn’t tell. Wolfy just sat back, his fully human gaze darting from me to the cat.

“Look,” I said, eyes back on the cat. “I didn’t want to leash you. If you hadn’t jumped me, we could have discussed this calmly.”

The claws evaporated back to normal human fingers, but the slit eyes remained. “That’s rich. Calm discussion with a witch.” His voice was dark chocolate sauce, rich and decadent.

I scowled. “I resent that.”

“Yes. You would.”

“Listen, buddy, I didn’t want to do this in the first place --”

“Then let us go.”

“I can’t. I need help.”

“You could have asked.”

“And you would have come?”

He snarled. The sound nothing at all like a human could make.

“Yeah. I didn’t think so.”

Something inside me trembled at a daunting realization. The guardian spell that I’d cast was supposed to call to a shifter. It talked to something deep inside them that was attracted or compatible with the witch. No one quite knew the specifics, but everyone knew the attraction was there.

Unfortunately, it didn't mean that the shifter would like the witch. Often, it was a matter of dominance and submission. A dance as old as time between witches and their familiars. Personally, I hated the thought, but desperate times called for desperate measures.

But I digress. I trembled because something within me called to him! Called to both of them. Extremely few witches can attract and hold two beasts. I would not have pegged me as one of them, despite my lineage.

"Look. Let's talk this out."

He sneered. "Talk? Aren't you just going to give the command for us to jump?"

"How high?" We both looked at Wolfy, who was grinning like his beast. Oh, good Goddess, he was adorable! The lopsided grin alone was enough to heat my blood to a simmer.

I smiled. Kitty growled.

"Oh, c'mon, Mike. We're here now. She leashed us." Wolfy shrugged. "What choice do we have but to talk?"

"Thank you!" I glared briefly at Kitty -- Mike? -- then extended my hand with an accompanying smile toward Wolfy. "I'm Meg."

He took my hand. "Rudy." 8 Jet Mykles

He didn't let go. Instead, we smiled at each other for too long a moment. Then, with the grace of the shifter he was, he rolled to his feet. My hand still in his, he used it to haul me to my own feet.

"It's nice to meet you Rudy. Mike," said Gwen, bustling up to my side as she shamelessly eyed the men. "I'm Gwen." She looked ridiculously small beside Rudy. He topped my height by at least three or four inches.

"The name is Michael," came the correction. "Rudy is the only one I let get away with that."

I gently pulled my hand from Rudy's, trying to seem casual about it. Touching him was terribly distracting, and I couldn't take my eyes off Michael because I didn't trust him. Yeah, that's why I couldn't take my eyes off him. If you believe that ...

"So you do know each other?" I asked.

Rudy smirked. "Yep. We're a pair. Can't have one without the other."

Lucky me!

"Oh, for fuck's sake," Michael growled, rising effortlessly. He stomped his booted feet to settle his jeans. His hair fell in a glossy black sheet just past his shoulders, some of it hanging over the right side of his face. I itched to brush it away.

"Why don't we all go in the back and get more acquainted?" Gwen suggested, slipping her arm into Rudy's.

Rudy grinned at her, opened his mouth to speak.

"And you are?" Michael asked before I could extricate her.

"She's my friend."

"She's not a very powerful witch."

Gwen shot him a glare. "Wanna see what I can do with my little bit of power, kitty cat?"

He met the glare with his own. "Wanna see how fast a jaguar is, little girl?"

"Stop it!" I put emphasis to my words by shoving Gwen away from Rudy and thinking a tug on Michael's leash. It was the equivalent of yanking on a dog's chain, and it made him growl -- again --

but it also shut him up and backed him a step away from Gwen. "This has all started out badly, and I really need for this to go right. I'm running out of time."

I rounded on Gwen as she opened her mouth to say something. "You stay here and open back up. The last thing we need is for the shop to close down. We need to make next month's rent." I turned and pointed to the men. "Did you come in a car?" Both nodded. "Fine. You can give me a ride home. We'll talk there." Leashed: Two for One Deal 9

Chapter Three

Normally, I don't let strange men drive me home. But, in this case, I literally had a leash around their windpipes and a garrote around their balls, and they knew it. As far as hurting me went, that was out. The leash spell was as old as the relationship between witches and shifters, and witches had refined it and passed it on over the centuries. Physical harm to me was their pain. They could survive my death, but it wouldn't be a pleasant experience, even if I died quickly. The backlash of my soul severing from my body would implode the spell. It had been known to remove heads and cocks. Only shifters with the help of other witches had ever survived it intact.

Michael pulled out of the local fast-food drive-thru, leaving Rudy to rummage through the six bags of food.

"Ok." Michael glanced at me in the rearview mirror as he stopped at a light. "Talk."

I crossed my arms over my chest. "Bossy, aren't you?"

"You have no idea," Rudy muttered, handing me a bag. Yes, a single bag. The other five were for them.

I spread out in the leather backseat of the black Jaguar, enjoying the luxury. It didn't seem that Michael, at least, was dirt poor. That was something.

"If I'm expected to die for something -- for someone -- I want to know about it as soon as possible." Again those green eyes speared mine in the reflection. "Am I expected to die?"

I flinched. "I hope not."

Michael accepted a double-burger from Rudy. "Then out with it."

I sighed, munching on fries. "There's another witch that wants me."

"Wants you?" Rudy asked, turned sideways in his seat so he could watch me as he, pardon the

expression, wolfed down his food. 10 Jet Mykles

“Wants me. He’s forming a coven and thinks I’ll make a great addition.”

Rudy shrugged. “So? Don’t witches form covens all the time?”

“Let’s just say that Roland isn’t real big into sharing responsibilities.”

“Ah,” said Michael. “Wants the coven and all the control?”

I grimaced. “That and more. Roland gives new meaning to the word dominance.”

“A burgeoning grand wizard. What’s his name?”

“Roland Parks.”

“I’ve never heard of him.”

“Would you have?”

“Michael knows a lot of people. Witches and shifters especially.”

“What do you do, Michael?”

“I’m a private eye. I make it my duty to keep tabs on the magically inclined.”

I blinked. Whoa. I may have hit the veritable jackpot. “I haven’t seen you around.”

“We’re new in town,” Rudy chipped in. “Just arrived earlier this week.”

Which explained why it’d taken two weeks for my spell to work. The conundrum, of course, was had they moved because of my spell, or did I cast my spell at just the right time? No, I hate puzzles like that, so that’s as far as I’d think about it.

“Roland’s been low-key. He studied in Europe and the Middle East for most of his life. He doesn’t come from any of the families or branches that I’ve heard of, and he doesn’t make himself known as a witch. I didn’t even know when we were first dating.”

“You dated?”

“Past tense. We met a few months ago. He’s a good-looking guy and can be charming when he wants to be.” I shrugged. “Dating’s a crapshoot, right?”

“Did he know you were a witch?”

“I didn’t think so then, but now I’m pretty sure he did.”

Michael nodded, gesturing for another burger, which Rudy readily handed to him. “Go on.”

I shrugged. “That’s it. We dated a few times. Nothing too serious. Then he took me to his house one night, and that’s when I found out he was a witch. He told me then that he wanted to form a coven, and he wanted me to be the first member.” I sighed. “By then, I was already ready to break it off with him. He was way too much into controlling my life. He always chose where we went, and he’d started to tell me what to wear and how to behave. Nothing too major, but it added up. Then he pretty much showed his true colors when he showed me the rooms he had ready for me in his house.”

“Rooms?” Rudy asked. Leashed: Two for One Deal 11

“Roland’s got buckets of money. He’s into real estate, I think. He’s got one of those showplace houses on the hill, y’know? He’d put aside rooms for me and wanted to move me in.”

“Nice of him.” Rudy grimaced.

“Wasn’t it, though?”

“How did you get away?”

“One on one, I’m a match for him, magically speaking. I don’t think he expected that, especially since I don’t advertise what I am. But since I turned him down, he’s managed to lure at least three

witches into his coven. He's also got a leashed shifter now. The odds are stacking up against me."

"You sure he's still after you?" Michael asked.

I thought of the invitation. "Oh, yeah."

"You sure it's just three witches he's got with him?"

"No, I can't be sure how many."

"If he's got the others, why does he still want you?" Rudy asked.

I glanced away. "I'm the one that got away, I guess." I didn't look back to see if they bought it.

"So you needed help."

I glanced up to meet Michael's gaze in the rearview mirror. "Yeah."

"Why didn't you call Shannon?"

I frowned. "Shannon and I aren't on the greatest of terms."

"A coven forming with a dominant grand wizard would be something of interest to the grand dame of the Southwest."

I sucked up some of my cola. "Yeah, well, she's not inclined to believe a word I say." I glanced up at the signs. "Get off at the next exit and go right."

"Why wouldn't she believe you?"

"History."

"Listen, I know she's a huge bitch, but she's not stupid or blind."

"You know her?"

"I know of her."

"Yeah, well, she doesn't like me. Turn left at the light."

"Why?"

"She just doesn't."

He stared at me in the mirror as he waited for the light to change. The silence lasted a bit longer after he turned, until finally he asked, "What did you do?"

"It was a long time ago. Right, up ahead." 12 Jet Mykles

"What did you do?"

"I was young and stupid."

"What did you do?"

"Listen, you're not my father ...!"

"What did you do?"

"You're a fucking broken record."

"And you're evading the question."

"Hold on. This part gets tricky."

I leaned forward and helped him navigate the twisty roads that snaked through the trees and valleys on the way to my house.

"Nice area," Rudy commented once.

We arrived at my little blue house in due time, turning into the dirt driveway and winding up the tree-covered hill. Witches need space. We live in houses surrounded by nature. Witches need trees and bushes and insects. Witches need at least a modicum of open air, and we need a connection to the earth. We can work and spend time in cities, but a witch forced to live in the city confines is a witch

either without her power or slowly dying.

I directed Michael to park in the shade behind the house, then led them in through the kitchen door. I glanced back and saw the look on both of their faces that told me they felt my shield. A thought and a mutter from me, and the shield touched their leashes. There. They were a part of my shield, as was fitting for my leashed protection. They could enter and exit freely.

It was more trust than I'd ever given anyone within a few hours of knowing them. But then, I'd never leashed anyone before. It was an unfair one-way street. I knew I could trust them, but they had to wait to see if they could trust me.

Judging from the way Michael watched me, I didn't think I'd earned his trust yet.

He dropped his empty fast-food bags and drink cup onto the counter, then faced me, arms crossed. "What did you do?"

I scowled, dropping my own bags on the kitchen table, then stalking across the linoleum to the living room.

"We have a right to know," he said, following.

"I know, I know. But it's embarrassing." I sank down onto my deep, comfy sofa, sulking mightily.

Rudy laid his denim jacket over the back of the matching comfy chair and sank into it, carefully out of the line of fire between me and Michael. He crossed his arms over his chest, drawing my attention to the black tribal tattoos that ringed his biceps.

"I'd really rather not repeat my question, Meg." Michael stood in the kitchen door, huge and daunting like the angel he was named after. Leashed: Two for One Deal 13

"I'm the witch. I thought I was in charge."

The glower on his face made me wish I hadn't said it. "We're the ones who get to stand between you and this Roland person. We've a right to know why you can't get help anywhere else."

"Ok, ok!" I muttered a curse. "I opened a gate into Shannon's private rooms and stole her scrying bowl!"

Michael didn't move, eyes locked on me.

"I gave it back," I continued, "and I didn't tell anyone. But word got out. Obviously, it didn't make her look too good. She's not inclined to talk much to me anymore."

Rudy fidgeted, glancing from me to Michael. "Why'd you do it?"

Although I spoke to Rudy, my eyes were on Michael's carefully blank face. "Like I said, I was young and stupid. I did it just to prove to her that I could."

"Wait a sec, you said her private rooms? Weren't they shielded?"

I nodded.

Rudy whistled. "Whoa."

"That takes a lot of power," Michael said, stepping slowly into the room.

Still watching him, I nodded. What was he thinking? "Yes, it does."

"That was ten years ago." Shit! He'd heard about it. "You said you were young. How young?"

"Sixteen."

Rudy leaned forward, as excited as a kid watching the last inning of the World Series when his team was winning. "You broke into a grand dame's shielded rooms at sixteen?!"

"She wasn't grand dame then."

“Yeah, but still ...” He turned to Michael. “Holy shit, Mike!”

Michael cuffed him upside the head without even looking. Those green eyes never left mine. “What’s your surname?”

I got the impression I was just confirming for him. If he knew the incident, he probably had a pretty good idea who I was. “Grey.”

“And your mother is ...?”

“Tara Grey.” Like there was any other who could be my mother.

Michael exploded into a long string of curses that made both Rudy and me jump. At least, I’m pretty sure they were all curses. Some of them were in other languages, and I wasn’t much good at them. A fact that never failed to annoy the hell out of my tutors.

“Tara-fucking-Grey! I’ve been leashed by the wicked witch of the world’s daughter!”

I sat very still. I didn’t take offense at the moniker. He wasn’t far from the mark. 14 Jet Mykles

Even Rudy’s eyes had gone big. “You’re the daughter of the grand dame of the Northeast?”

“One of them.”

“How many does she have?”

“Seven!” Michael answered for me. “Any traditional grand dame has seven daughters. Especially in that lineage.” He turned on me again. “Which one are you?”

“Six.”

“Not the seventh?”

“No.”

“Well, that’s something, anyway.”

“Why?” Rudy asked.

Michael was muttering as he paced my rug, so I answered for him. “The seventh daughter of the seventh daughter of the seventh daughter, etcetera, has extra power. The women in my family have managed an unbroken line since the 1200s.” I smiled ruefully. “You should meet Ruella.”

“She’s number seven?”

“Yep.”

I jumped when Michael pulled the coffee table back from the couch, giving him enough room to sit on the heavy wood table, facing me. Some of his anger seemed to have leached away, but his concentration on my face was fierce. “Does this Roland Parks know who you are?”

“I never told him directly, but I think he knows by now.”

He nodded. “That would explain why he wants you so badly.”

“That was kind of my thought.”

“With your background, you should have been able to spell him away. Why haven’t you?”

I squirmed. “Well, see, there’s the thing. I’m not a very good witch.”

“Huh?” That was Rudy, who was still leaning forward in the chair.

I blew an exasperated breath through my lips. “I was a horrible student. I don’t like to read spellbooks. They bore the hell out of me. And I don’t have the best memory for tons of spells. I’m a fast learner, but only tend to remember just what I need to for the spell I’m doing at the moment. I usually forget them afterward.”

Surprisingly, Michael smiled. Well, almost. The corners of that gorgeous mouth twitched up a

bit. "An instinctive? In the Grey line?"

"Yeah. My mother's not too happy about it, either." Leashed: Two for One Deal 15

Michael subsided, studying me thoughtfully, so Rudy took up the questioning. "Why didn't you just go back to the east? Wouldn't your mother protect you?"

I frowned. "Being part of my mother's coven is only slightly less repulsive than being under Roland. Besides, she doesn't trust me around, either."

Michael's eyebrow quirked up.

"Your mom's that bad?" Rudy asked.

I smiled tiredly toward him. "My mother's not entirely bad. I do love her. But she doesn't tend to remember that there are other people in the world besides her. I like my freedom. Her answer to my problem would be to make me a part of her coven. That is not an option, as far as I'm concerned."

Michael leaned forward, elbows on his thighs, hands dangling between his knees. Startled, I fell back into the couch, instinctively putting a little distance between us. I bit the inside of my lip, trying really hard not to ogle all that carved muscle on his arms, defined by the tight fit of his t-shirt. But it was hard. He was so close, I could smell him, for Goddess's sake. Fresh earth and thick, musky male. He made my mouth water.

"What are you doing in California?"

"Huh?"

"What are you doing in California?" If he noticed my distraction, he didn't show it.

"I like it here."

He scowled. Waited.

"Ok, it's as far away from my mother as I can go and still be in the United States."

"Why California? If Shannon doesn't like you ..."

"None of the grand dames or wizards like me. But I know Shannon."

"There's Hawaii and Alaska," Rudy pointed out helpfully. "They're farther way than California."

"Neither of them appeals to me."

"Why do you have to stay in the States?"

I couldn't look away from Michael, even though I was answering Rudy. My fingers dug into the worn upholstery of the couch as he steadily studied my face. What did he see? "I don't have to, but I like the States. Besides, I'm really bad with languages."

"I thought all witches were good with languages," Rudy said.

"Yeah, well, like I said, I'm not a very good witch."

"Just a very powerful one," Michael said softly. Those green eyes gleamed at me from behind thick black lashes. "Are you more powerful than her?"

"Who?"

"Your mother." 16 Jet Mykles

I stared back for an equally silent moment. "We don't know."

He nodded, and I heard the silent "aha" as pieces clicked into place for him. "Did she send you away?"

"Sort of."

"Because she's afraid you'll take over."

I shrugged, doing my best to follow the conversation. His closeness was extremely distracting. "That's Ruella's job. She can have it. I told them all that." I carefully, without drawing attention to the move, straightened my leg so that the outside of my thigh wasn't resting on the inside of his.

"They don't believe you."

"No." He didn't seem to notice my move.

"Does Shannon think you're here to take over? Is that why she doesn't trust you?"

I sighed, clutching my hands in my lap. "I've done everything I can to assure her that I'm not, but I doubt she believes me."

We were all silent with our thoughts. Michael sat up, gaze pointed toward my bookshelf, but I doubted my paperback collection was his focus. Rudy sank back in his chair, brimming with expectation. I stayed very still and watched Michael. He was quite obviously the leader of the two, and he knew way more about the situation than I could have hoped. I felt pretty confident that, with him on my side, I could stave off Roland.

Of course, with him at my side, I'd love to do a bunch of other things. Afternoon sunlight streamed through the sheers on the window behind the couch, touching off mahogany highlights in his hair. It may have been fancy, but I'm pretty sure that I could see the ghost of the rosettes that would decorate his hide when he changed to a jaguar.

Jaguar. Sleek, silent, deadly. Top of the food chain in the rainforests of South America, if I remembered my high school studies correctly. Studying his profile, I could almost see the beast in the rounded tip of his nose and the curve of his jaw. Certainly those striking eyes were the mark of a beast. My heart stuttered as I drank in the line of his neck, watched the thumping of his pulse. Dropping my gaze down to the wide expanse of his chest and the bunching of the muscles of his arms, I wondered what those muscles felt like. I wanted to squeeze them, to see if they were as hard as they looked. Dropping my gaze to my lap, I indulged myself with a fantasy, imagining him in his other form. Was he a yellow jaguar, or black? Was he as thick and muscular in the other form? He would have the same green eyes, the one thing about a shifter that didn't change even if the pupil shape altered. Would his fur be soft and smooth, or glossy and thick? And what about Rudy? Tall and lanky as he was, I'd bet he was one of those slim wolves. All compact power ready to be released like a spring lock. Was his pelt the same sunny brown as his hair? I'd actually touched wolves before, shifters even. I'd felt the coarse outer layer of fur and burrowed my fingers in to discover the soft, downy hair beneath. Leashed: Two for One Deal 17

They were mine! Unbelievable! Two dangerous predators, made even more so by human intellect, and they were there to protect me. It was a heady feeling. A rush of power. Not to mention the fact that either one of them could give me masturbation material for weeks on end, just wondering what it would be like to ...

"Stop that," Michael growled.

I snapped open my eyes, not having realized I'd closed them. "Stop what?"

"You're playing with my leash." He glanced at Rudy. "With both of our leashes."

I glanced at Rudy to see him sprawled back on the comfy chair, a hot grin on his lips and his eyes at half mast. Glancing down -- I couldn't help it -- I saw a discernable bulge in his jeans.

Blushing, I focused on my hands in my lap. "Sorry. I didn't know you could feel it, too."

“You really didn’t know?”

I glared at Michael. “I’ve never leashed anyone before.”

“But you’ve been around those who have.”

“And I think I told you that I’m a horrible student. I never thought that I’d cast the spell, so I never really paid much attention.”

“Why wouldn’t you cast it?”

“I don’t like the idea of owning anyone.” I tried to convey the truth with my eyes, willing him to believe me. “I really wouldn’t have called you if I wasn’t desperate for help.”

Like the burgeoning dawn, a smile grew on his face, and it was devastating to my poor little heart. I think my breasts actually swelled, and I know something inside my belly burst and leaked out between my thighs. He startled me by switching from the coffee table to the couch beside me. I couldn’t help the small cry that escaped my lips as I shrank back from him. He faced me, one knee folded before him and the other bent over the side. He leaned in, sliding his arm over the back of the couch to take a lock of my hair between his fingers. “What you were doing felt like a caress. Like you were running your hands through my fur, but more.” His voice had gone all low and husky, and his eyes hooded even further. The combination did terrible things to my heart rate. “What did you feel?”

“It doesn’t matter. I’m sorry. I won’t do it again.”

I jumped, yelping slightly, when Rudy bounded from the chair and dropped to his knees before me. Boldly, he pressed his belly to my knees, leaning into me like a dog might. “Don’t say that. I liked it.” He batted his eyes ridiculously at me. “Do it again.”

I giggled. Couldn’t help but laugh at the puppy at my feet. I sank my fingers into the waves at his temple, and he leaned into the caress, closing his eyes and smiling. I gave in to the temptation to scratch, and he hummed happily, letting his tongue loll a little to the side, I think to make me giggle. Which I did. When my giggle subsided, he opened his eyes. 18 Jet Mykles

They’d gone all half-lidded and slumberous. His hands slid up the outside of my thighs. “Do it again.”

I took a deep breath. The cute wolf was fanning the flames that the sexy cat had started somewhere in my womb. I knew that shifters could smell sexual arousal, and mine was going to soak my couch soon if I didn’t stop this. I gently straightened the hair I’d mussed around his ear. “Listen, maybe you should go back to sit in your chair.”

“Awww.” Instead, he sank down in my lap, chest on my thighs, nose practically in my belly button. Abruptly, he switched his grip on my thighs so he could pull them apart. He inhaled deeply. “You don’t really want me way over there, do you?”

I pushed his shoulders to stop him from pressing in between my legs. Didn’t work. “C’mon, Rudy. Time to stop.”

“Don’t wanna,” he muttered into my navel. My t-shirt didn’t seem to be a barrier for his nuzzling. I grabbed his hair with both hands to stop him from getting to my breasts.

He opened his eyes to meet my gaze. Big blue eyes touched off something deep in my chest. “I don’t know you,” I told him sternly.

“Don’t you?” I glanced at Michael, who was watching us with ... interest? Was that what I saw in that hooded gaze? “You called to us.”

"I didn't call to you directly. I called to ..." I trailed off, at a loss to explain it.

"To something within us that attracts us to you."

"Us?"

Michael smiled. So unfair! A girl couldn't possibly defend herself from that.

To prove the point, Rudy somehow managed to escape my hold on his hair, and his hot, wet mouth closed over my nipple. I gasped. Did I even have a t-shirt and bra on?

"Wait ..." I breathed, but Rudy wasn't listening. His arms circled my waist to pull me closer, his teeth and tongue busy making my nipple love him.

This kind of stuff didn't happen to me. I'm not that kind of girl. I guess I'm attractive enough. A bit too tall, if you ask me, but I kept myself in good enough shape that there was only a little fat on me. I do have nice cocoa skin, thanks to my very dark-skinned father and my pale-skinned mother. My hair is long and straight, a silky black that I wish had more curl to it. I could turn a few heads if I tried.

Sex had stopped being an issue for me a few years ago, when I'd decided that I just didn't like it much. Roland had been the first man I'd dated in three years, and we never got to the sex part before he showed his true colors.

This was a different story altogether. Rudy fed hungrily at my breast, nipping, snarling, moaning happily. I tugged at his hair, but that only seemed to goad him on. Leashed: Two for One Deal 19

I should use the leash. I should stop this. I remember thinking that very clearly. I still wasn't even sure if Rudy was legal! I think I even started to gather the magic. But then Michael slid between me and the back of the couch. And where had his t-shirt gone?!

Never had I had the pleasure of being sandwiched between two gorgeous male bodies. Never had I melted into a puddle of goo while one feasted on my breast and the other reached inside my shirt to undo my bra. Nearly perfectly synchronized, Michael drew my shirt and bra up to my chin and Rudy left, then returned to, my nipple, still humming.

"Ok, guys, stop," I moaned, my tone mismatched with my words. "You don't have to do this."

"Oh, yes, we do," Michael murmured. He nudged my head to the side with his nose and drew back my hair, exposing my neck for a long, wet slide of his tongue. "That's what good little pets do."

I squirmed, hating his word choice. "I don't ... You're not pets."

Rudy actually whined. "Please," he spoke against my breast. "I want to be your pet."

I stared at him, then gasped when Michael bit my neck. "It's part of the leashing."

His hands slid up to fondle my breasts as Rudy leaned back to concentrate on removing my jeans.

"No, it's not," I protested, fighting feebly. Rudy batted my hands aside.

"But it is," Michael purred. Literally purred. I'd heard that big cats don't actually purr. Whether or not that's true, shapeshifters do purr. His chest beneath my back actually vibrated. It was a yummy feeling, like a hard, sexy, buzzy mat. "Your pain is our pain. Your pleasure is our pleasure."

I froze. Aghast. "Huh?"

"Never learned that part, huh?" He tweaked my nipple, making me groan. "If you let it, the leash can work for pleasure, too."

Rudy pulled off my jeans, taking my plain cotton panties with them.

I panicked. "Wait, guys! I wasn't planning on having sex. I haven't ..."

Rudy ignored me. Eyes hungry, he dove in, and I lost the power of speech. My back bowed, the

back of my skull tucking into the curve of Michael's neck. Chuckling, he trapped me with his arms, making me helpless as Rudy's tongue slid inside me. Over me. Through me. Goddess!

"Open up," Michael coaxed. "Let us feel it with you."

My hips became a separate animal, rolling and pumping to get closer to Rudy. "I don't --" Rudy guided my thighs onto his shoulders, "I can't ... Don't know how. Uuummm!" Rudy cradled my ass with big, strong hands, angling me so he could suck my clit into his mouth.

"All right," Michael said, plucking at my nipples. "We'll work on that."

"Guys, wait! I ... oh! Oh, yeah. Oh, more! Oh, Goddess!" 20 Jet Mykles

They both held me as I came hard into Rudy's sucking mouth. He moaned, covering my sex and drinking deep enough to spark another, smaller spasm through my body.

"Oh, yeah," Rudy groaned, releasing me to lean back and start releasing the button of his jeans.

Michael kissed my ear, nibbled my lobe as I watched anxiously for Rudy to release his cock.

Which is when they heard the car. Leashed: Two for One Deal 21

Chapter Four

They both froze, heads snapping to face the front hall. Head muzzy from two lovely orgasms, it took me a second to realize it. Then I froze. "What?"

Rudy slid back to all fours, of a sudden far more animal even if he still had human form. He sniffed, then shook his head. "Nothing yet." Gracefully, he rose to his feet, eyes on the window as he carefully avoided showing himself in it.

"What is it?"

"There's a car outside," Michael told me. Gently, he pushed me from his lap. "Stay down." When I was clear, he twisted to face the window behind the couch. Crouched low, he very carefully didn't disturb the sheers. The gauzy curtains were probably just enough to disguise his presence at the window.

Rudy stood at the side of the window, positioned so that my heavy burgundy curtains hid him as he peered out. "Meg, you know anyone with a blue Pontiac Sunfire?"

I shook my head, pulling my shirt and bra down to their appropriate positions. I crept back onto the couch, crawling over Michael's broad back to peer out over his shoulder. "Shit. The big one is

Brent McMillian. He's Roland's shifter."

"Leashed?"

"Yeah."

"The others?" Rudy's calm was unnerving, given his puppy behavior before. His eyes remained trained on the people getting out of the car, every bit as intent as Michael's stare.

"Brent's pack? I don't know."

"Any of them leashed?"

"I don't know." 22 Jet Mykles

The group of four stopped just off of my porch, just out of shield range. Brent cupped his hands to his mouth. "Hey, little witch! Come out and talk."

"He can't get through the shield," I said.

"There are ways to break shields. He could carry something from Roland."

I looked at the back of Michael's head. Damn! He knew more about magic than I did. Who was this guy?

"Think they know we're here?" Rudy murmured.

"Meg, can sound travel through your shield?"

"Usually."

"What is Brent?"

"He's a wolf."

"Then he knows someone's here," Rudy confirmed. "We came through the back, so he might not have caught our scent, but he'll have heard murmuring. What do you want to do?" He never took his eyes off the group outside.

Michael sat back. As I was practically riding his back, he took me with him. I slid off an amazing collection of muscle, bunched under smooth, satin skin, to stand beside the couch. He turned to study me for a moment.

"Little witch!" Brent called from outside. "Come out and talk."

Michael flicked his glance to Rudy. "Go out with her."

Rudy turned into the room. "Just me?"

Michael looked at me. "It's not common to have two of us. It would be nice to let them know she's protected, just not how much protection."

I licked my lips. Sounded good to me.

Rudy whipped his t-shirt off, exposing a sparsely furred chest. "What's that for?" I croaked.

He grinned. The intensity of moments before vanished. "Just to get you to look at me."

I gaped. Michael chuckled. Brent yelled again.

"Fucking shifters," I cursed, stomping toward the front door.

"Meg?"

I whirled. "What?"

Michael held up my jeans. "You may want these."

Making up curses as I went, I yanked the jeans from his hand and put them on as I headed back to the door.

"No panties. I approve," Rudy laughed softly, reaching out to steady me before I fell. He also

grabbed at my ass.

I slapped his hand. "Bad dog!" Which only made him laugh. Leashed: Two for One Deal 23

I yanked open the front door and had the pleasure of seeing Brent's satisfied grin falter at the sight of the werewolf at my back. "What do you want, Brent?" I growled. After all, he'd interrupted something pretty special. A girl was allowed to be grumpy for that.

Brent's yellow eyes rounded to canine, locked on Rudy. The two of them sized each other up while the rest of Brent's pack stiffened behind him. Brent was one of those guys who was just big. I was still surprised he was a wolf and not a bear. He wasn't fat by any means, just really thick. From the cropped brown hair atop his square head to the heavy soles of his workboots, he was one solid muscle. Rudy might be taller, but Brent outsized him.

Not that it seemed to bother Rudy. He stood ready just behind my left shoulder, his hands relaxed, his shoulders set. His blue eyes -- still human -- met Brent's amber ones with a steady, challenging gaze.

"Who's this?" Brent demanded of me.

"A friend."

"What's he doing here?"

"This is your business how?"

Brent narrowed his eyes, nostrils flaring as he sniffed. I knew enough about shifters to realize that he'd know Rudy was leashed. "Aw, Meg. Why'd you have to go and call for help? That'll only make Roland mad."

"But, Brent, honey, I live to make Roland mad."

His smile was not at all pleasant. "That's not smart."

"Yeah, well, my mommy raised an idiot. Go figure."

The other shifters with Brent started to pace behind him, like a milling pack of dogs. Oh, wait, they were a milling pack of dogs.

Brent sighed, outwardly calm except for the eyes that he kept trained on Rudy. "You think this cub's going to protect you?"

Behind my left shoulder, Rudy growled. I think the sound shook the floorboards beneath my feet. Damn!

"Yeah, I think so."

"There's only one of him."

"Well, then there's me, moron."

His smile grew. "Then there's you." The eyes finally turned to me. Yippee. Rudy could have them back. "I've got a gift for you."

"I don't want it."

"You don't know what it is."

"Is it from Roland?"

"Yes." 24 Jet Mykles

"I don't want it."

"Too bad."

He lobbed something at me, small and round, about the size of a baseball. No, I didn't try and

catch it. I shot a blast of energy at it. Uncouth of me. Other witches had more elegant methods of handling such situations. I'm not very elegant. Short blasts of energy often work quite nicely, I've found. But, it seems, that's what I was supposed to do. The little thing actually caught the energy and pulled at me. The damned thing pulled at my energy! It hit the house shield and pulled at that, too.

Rudy snarled. In the blink of an eye, he was gone, and a huge, light brown wolf launched off the porch. I stumbled back toward the open door, trying to get my bearings and wrench my magic back from the innocuous ball that now lay on the ground just off the porch.

A werewolf lunged through where my shield should have stopped him. His -- definitely his -- body was naked and covered with fur, but he stood upright on two burly legs. Black claws tipped the fingers that extended, preparing to slash at me. I tried to attack with a blast of energy, but whatever it was that had my magic, had it fast. I fell back through the open space of my front doorway, collapsing on my back. The dark gray werewolf scrambled up the porch steps toward me, followed closely by another in full wolf form.

A feline scream caught us all by surprise. Flat on my back, I was in an excellent position to see the gleaming black chest and belly of the black jaguar that sailed over me and into the body of the werewolf. The half-human-shaped beast yelped, tumbling back into his companion with an armload of massive, clawing cat bearing him to the ground.

I struggled to sit, still desperately trying to gather my magic. Deciding that all I could do was try and get my magic back -- I certainly wasn't much help without it -- I searched the ground for the ball, spying it where I'd seen it before in the short grass just off the porch. I pushed to my knees and scrambled for it.

A wolf caught it up in his jaws before I could get there. He glanced up, the ball held in his teeth, and I recognized Brent's yellow eyes. I could have sworn he grinned at me.

Before I could do more than cry out, he spun on his hind legs and sprinted away. His companions broke away from Rudy and Michael and fled as well, all of them bleeding, one of them badly.

The wolf and the jaguar that were my protection let them go, standing sentinel to either side of my porch steps. The four wolves shifted back to naked human down at the bottom of my driveway and piled into the car.

"That ball he threw at me," I said, finding my voice. "It drained my magic. He took it."

Michael swung his big head to me, green eyes wide in surprise. Then he growled, spun, and shot off down the driveway. Rudy was two lunges behind him. Leashed: Two for One Deal 25

They were too late. The Sunfire's tires squealed, kicking up dirt as Brent and his pack took off. 26 Jet Mykles

Chapter Five

Michael skidded to a stop, averting his head as dirt and gravel rained on him and Rudy. As the car retreated, the big cat sat staring after it, his tail jerking. The wolf darted in front of him after the car, but stopped at a coughing snarl from Michael. Rudy whined a question. Michael shook his head.

Michael stood, all elegant feline grace, and loped back toward the house, Rudy at his side. I had plenty of time to admire them as they came. Sunlight shone blue-white on Michael's glossy black fur, sliding off his hide like water as his thick, powerful body stretched and bunched as he ran. Rudy's light brown pelt caught the gold of the sun, and the lighter ruff about his neck nearly gleamed in a golden halo around his head.

When he reached the bottom of the porch stairs, Michael shifted back. It's not like in the movies where they like to dramatize the change to make it look long and painful. It's not messy. It's magic. And it's fast. One second there was a black jaguar, the next there was a flash of something that wasn't quite light, and then there was a man. A naked man. Michael's clothes would be lying in a pile somewhere within the house. Rudy's jeans lay on the porch beside me. Assorted clothing from Brent's pack lay scattered across my yard. When they change, somewhere in the split-seconds between shapes, a shifter's body becomes incorporeal. At that time, anything they're wearing or carrying falls to the ground. It was better than the ripping and tearing of clothes that happened in the movies. So when Michael and Rudy shifted back, I got my first good look at them nude. Oh, my Goddess! All of my feminine parts screamed at me to lie back and spread my legs and let them finish what they'd started before Brent and company so rudely interrupted. Michael's honed body was covered with a light dusting of pure black hair that gathered in a curly nest at the base of a thick cock. Rudy's slim frame proved to be finely muscled. Body hair was sparse, but did gather around a nice, long cock. Leashed: Two for One Deal 27

And they'd had me sandwiched between them!

I scrambled to my feet as they mounted the stairs, completely unable to hide the fact that I'd been looking my fill. Rudy caught my arm before I fell as Michael brushed past me. I stared up into Rudy's grinning face, amazed when he planted a sweet kiss on my open lips. "All that you expected?" "Quit playing," Michael barked from inside the house. "Get in here, both of you."

Rudy kissed me again, then pushed me gently through the doorway. He turned to scoop up his jeans, and I just couldn't help dawdling so I could ogle his ass. Fine, curved perfection. If I were to judge by the look he gave me when he straightened, he'd known I would look.

I yelped when Michael grabbed my arm, spinning me around to face inside the house. "Pack a bag," he ordered, pushing me toward the hall. "We're taking you to our place."

I stumbled, catching myself against the wall beside the kitchen. "What?"

He had his jeans in his hands and pulled them on. Button fly. No underwear. Whimper. "You're not safe here. They'll probably regroup and come back later tonight. You're not going to be here."

Reality set in, pushing aside the lust inspired by acres of beautiful muscles and golden skin. I sank against the wall, hands behind my butt, and stared at the wall across from me. "It's ok, Michael; you don't have to do this."

Rudy froze in the midst of putting his jeans back on.

Michael, who now sat on the edge of my coffee table, paused with one boot in hand. He growled.

Damn, that was sexy! I'd miss it. "What?"

I sighed, running a hand through my hair, pulling a hank of it down over my shoulder to play with. "I felt the leashes dim with the rest of my magic. Just like the shield." I scrunched up my lips. "I'm sure you can break free now. Go ahead, with my blessing."

"What'll you do?" Rudy asked, buttoning his jeans. Shame, that. "From what you've told us, Roland's not going to stop."

"I know. I guess I'll have to call one of my sisters."

I could almost hear Michael grinding his teeth. Imperiously, he pointed toward my bedroom. "Get your ass in there and pack a bag. You're coming with us."

I grimaced. "Thank you, but no. I know you don't want to be leashed, and frankly, I didn't really want to hold the leash. I was just looking for some help. I'll just ask my sisters or some-- Ack!"

Michael grabbed my arm and propelled me toward the bedroom. "Perhaps you didn't hear me. I didn't ask."

I frowned at him. "Who the fuck do you think you are?" 28 Jet Mykles

"Your protection." He actually swatted my ass! "Scoot." He turned to point at Rudy. "Go with her and see that she packs. I'll bring the car around front."

Chuckling, Rudy advanced on me. Gently, he propelled me down the hall. "There's no arguing with him when he's like this. Or, well, ever." The smile dimmed a bit, his gaze honest. "But he means what he says. We'll protect you."

I shook my head. "But it puts you in danger for no reason."

"I have a perfect reason," Michael interrupted, planting himself at the end of the hall. His boots were now on, and he tugged his t-shirt down over that mighty chest. I wanted to sob. "It's my job to keep track of witches. I'm a bit put out that I found out not only about one but two that I didn't know were in the vicinity."

"But I ..."

"So --" He spoke louder to shut me up, not that he wasn't loud enough already. "-- you will come with me so I can find out more about him. And, if he's as bad as you say and as I suspect after our little altercation out there, you will help me to track him down and stop him."

My heart sank a bit. Ok, it made sense. It did. I'd already gotten the idea that he was a witch-tracker of some sort, although I hadn't really heard of such a thing. Witches tried to keep track of shifters, so why shouldn't shifters try to keep track of witches? Especially the unleashed ones. But it kind of hurt that he didn't want me around for other reasons. Of course, that was ridiculous.

I took a deep breath and nodded. He waited until I'd turned around before delivering the telling blow in a deep, velvety voice. "Not to mention the fact that Rudy and I have yet to fuck you silly."

My knees actually buckled. How embarrassing. Rudy had to slip his arm around my waist to keep me from melting into a puddle on my hardwood floor. He laughed, the bastard. "Oh, that worked."

Muttering obscenities, I carefully pushed from Rudy and turned to the bedroom. I went straight to the closet and pulled out a duffel bag.

"How long do I plan on being gone?" I asked, hearing Rudy behind me.

"Pack for a week. We'll come back and get more if necessary."

"A week?"

Rudy waved a lazy hand and wandered into my bathroom. "It'll probably be longer than that. I think it'll take us a good, long time to fuck you silly. I hope so, at least."

Hot lust sizzled in my groin, and I nearly felt what it was like to swoon. How disgusting! I dropped my duffel bag onto the bed and went to the dresser. "Are you ever serious?" "Hardly ever," he answered from the bathroom. Leashed: Two for One Deal 29

I mulled that over as I collected t-shirts, sweaters, and jeans. As jovial as he usually acted, I'd seen Rudy in action. He was quite the fighter, ample protection all on his own, despite his young age. Paired with Michael, I don't think I could have been safer. Mother would be so proud.

Rudy returned and dumped a small pile of toiletries on the bed beside my bag. He turned to the closet. "You have one of those little travel bags?"

I chuckled, causing him to glance over his shoulder. His bare shoulder, I might add. And, my, what a wonderful view of a long, tapered back! "What?"

"Rather domestic, aren't you?"

He smiled. "I make a very good pet." The heat in his eyes fried my brain. "Bag?"

"On the floor."

While he retrieved it, I tried to mesh my noggin back together. He also brought the witch's costume that hung from an upper cabinet's handle. "I like this," he said, wagging his eyebrows. "A witch going as a witch?"

I shrugged. "I appreciate irony."

He chuckled. "Halloween party?"

I thought of the two invitations. Mentally shook my head. "No. Just work. The plaza around my shop will be a huge street party, though. It's fun."

He rolled the dress -- quite well, I might add -- and tucked it into my duffel bag. "I take it those go with it?" He nodded toward the witch's hat and broom. The costume and the trappings were all bogus, of course. I'd never seen a witch fly on a broom, and outside of costume parties and Halloween nonsense, we never wore such hats. But most of us with a sense of humor owned such a costume.

"Yep." I got the shoes and stockings for the costume; then, without thinking, I retrieved bras and undies and shoved them all in the bag.

"Aw, nothing frilly and lacy?"

I'm quite sure I blushed. I could feel it. The look of delight on his impish face confirmed it. "I don't have anything frilly and lacy. No one to wear it for." f

He caught my wrist and tugged me off balance, tumbling me onto the bed. Immediately, he pounced. "Until today."

I braced my hands on his shoulders, trying to keep him away. "Are you sure you're a wolf and not a kitten?"

"He's more of a puppy, really," said Michael from the doorway.

Rudy, undeterred by either Michael's presence or my hands, swooped down and took my mouth with his. He grasped my wrists and pinned them to the bed beside my ears. I lost myself in the satin glide of his lips on mine, of the tongue that slid within, then tangled with mine. Puppy he might be, but, Goddess, he could kiss! I dimly heard movement around us. 30 Jet Mykles

When Rudy released me finally, I was bemused to see that Michael had finished packing for me.

“Let’s go,” he said, shouldering my bag.

Rudy rolled off me, and I scrambled up. I had the costume’s broom and hat in my hand when I heard my nightstand drawer open.

“Aha!” Rudy crowed.

I dove, but Michael caught me around the waist. I watched, helpless, as Rudy pulled out both of my vibrators. “Two!”

I sagged, mortified.

“Bring ’em,” Michael said, dark delight lacing his voice. Leashed: Two for One Deal 31

Chapter Six

Rudy pelted me with questions about the area as we drove to their place. His enthusiasm was infectious. I’d only lived in Southern California for three years, but I’d already become jaded. As they were newly arrived from Missouri -- which, he assured me, was the most boring place on earth -- he wanted to know everything. I couldn’t get a word in edgewise except to answer his questions. Michael was silent for most of the trip. I caught him casting speculative glances at me, but he’d never keep the eye contact long. t

I’m not sure what I expected of a bachelor pad shared by this twosome. Whatever it was, it wasn’t this. They had quite a nice house, set on the edge of a forested area about forty-five minutes from my place. It turned out to be a five-bedroom, two-and-a-half-bathroom ranch house, with one of the bedrooms serving as an office. There was also a covered deck that surrounded the house on three sides. The fourth side contained an open carport that sheltered two covered cars and a dusty Cherokee.

I trailed them into the house. The furnishings were sparse, but nice, and the house had the just-moved-in look, complete with boxes lining some of the walls and empty bookcases.

Michael turned in to one room, the office, and Rudy led me further down the hall.

“Here’s our room,” he said, pointing to the left, then turned in to a room directly across the hall. “And here’s the guest room.”

The white walls were blank, but some framed nature photographs were propped up against one wall, presumably ready to hang. The indigo blinds were open to the waning light of day. A blue-swathed, queen-sized bed received my bag.

Rudy caught me up in his arms. "Although, you won't be sleeping here."

Wait. What had he said? Our room? A dozen little mannerisms, tiny things Rudy and Michael had said and done, all clicked into place. I pushed at his chest, making him look at me. He paused at the puzzled look on my face. "You and Michael are a couple." 32 Jet Mykles

He smiled. "Yes. Is that a problem?"

The easy confirmation staggered me, rounded my eyes. "Well, no, but ..."

He leaned in to rub the tip of my nose with the tip of his. "But what do we want with you?"

"Yeah."

"Mmm, three's company."

I let him kiss me, but I don't think I gave as good as I got. I was far too shocked. Too thrown off. Too damn aroused! Two guys together didn't bother me, but I'd never really wanted to see two guys together before. Not like most men want to see two women together. But the thought of Michael and Rudy locked in a naked, sweaty clinch had me squirming.

Rudy pressed me against the erection straining his jeans, plundering my mouth. He walked me back toward the bed, but stopped halfway there.

"That bed's not as comfortable as ours," he muttered against my lips, bending quickly to pick me up.

"Wait."

"No."

We met Michael -- shirtless, shoeless, and looking scrumptious -- in the hallway. He shook his head, a small grin on his face aimed at Rudy. "You have a one-track mind."

"You know it," Rudy confirmed, laughing as he carried me into the master bedroom. "And, by the way, your goo-goo eyes at me gave our secret away. She knows we're together."

"My goo-goo eyes? What the hell are you talking about?"

Rudy dropped me gently on the thick mattress of a bed that had to be bigger than a California king, with a top that was every bit of four feet off the newly carpeted floor. It had one of those huge bookcase headboards -- mostly empty -- and a sturdy footboard of the same dark mahogany wood. No cover, no top-sheets, just a hunter-green fitted sheet on the mattress.

"Yeah," Rudy continued, facing him. "I've told you time and time again that you just can't conceal your love for me."

Michael grunted, hands at his pants. "Ridiculous canine."

"Lovesick kitty."

They both shucked their jeans, one grumbling and one chuckling. I sat, bewildered, gazing at two fine specimens of malehood. My mouth went dry. They were a study in contrasts. Michael was thickly muscled and dark, Rudy sleekly toned and light. Michael had an unshaved, almost unkempt look, while Rudy had a smooth, young face and his hair was the only shaggy thing about him. Green eyes to blue eyes. Brooding grin to blinding smile. Thick, heavy cock to long, sleek cock. Leashed: Two for One Deal 33

Rudy stepped into Michael, slipping an arm about his waist and sliding the other hand down his chest. His hand ended wrapped around Michael's growing erection. Giving it a familiar stroke, he leaned in to brush Michael's lips with his. Impish, he turned to me. "Pretty, isn't he?"

I was still, breathless, mesmerized by the sight of them. Muttering, Michael grabbed a handful of Rudy's hair and turned him back for a more thorough kiss. Clearly a meeting of mouths that had touched countless times before. Rudy melted, even though he was the one with a handful of cock. Their lips meshed together, tongues peeking out as they played with each other. Rudy broke the kiss to suck in air, and Michael shoved him toward the bed.

I started, hardly remembering that I was really there and not just watching some beautiful movie. But they remembered I was there. They came at me, crawling onto the overlarge mattress from either side.

"You guys don't have to do this," I stammered, edging back toward the mirrored center of the headboard. I yelped when Michael caught my ankle and tugged me roughly toward him.

Rudy crawled behind me and pulled at my shirt. "Oh, we want to."

"What for? You've got each other. And I know you can break the leashes."

Michael attacked my jeans, a man intent on a mission. "And neither one of us has a juicy pussy that I've yet to taste."

Rudy dropped me on my back, hovering over me. "See, the pussy likes pussy."

"But ..."

"The puppy likes pussy, too," he said, tugging my bra off. "And sweet, luscious titties."

He cupped my breasts, plucking my nipples with each thumb and forefinger. Michael got my jeans off and forcibly spread my legs. No playing around, he plunged in and licked me from ass to clit in one, rough swipe. We groaned together. My back arched, putting my breasts right where Rudy wanted them. He bent in and sucked one of my nipples, hard. I dropped my back to the bed, and he followed, devouring my breasts. They both ate at me, and a meal had never been happier to be consumed. My body tried to writhe, but they held me still, one pair of hands firmly on the inside of my thighs, holding them apart, and another set of hands plumping my breasts into a hot, hungry mouth.

Did it get any better than this?!

I dragged in a breath, and the scent of hot, musky male penetrated my brain. I opened my eyes. My cheek was pressed against one of Rudy's thighs. I tilted my head back a bit, and yep! There it was. His turgid cock was hard, nearly pressed against his muscled belly. Hungry, I reached for it, wrapping my hand around soft skin and hard muscle. He groaned around my nipples. I tugged, and he got the hint. Somehow he managed to bend nearly double, inching his hips closer to my head so that I could finally suckle the head of his cock.

He released my nipple with a popping sound. "Oh, Goddess, that feels good!" 34 Jet Mykles

He straightened up, inching forward so I could take in more of him, which I did gladly. I'm not a deep-throater, but I can suck like nobody's business, which I proved on him. He kept his fingers plucking at my breasts, but most of his attention centered on what I was doing with my mouth.

Meanwhile, I was having a bit of a problem concentrating solely on either the cock in my mouth or the tongue and lips at my pussy. Good Goddess, the kitty was good at that! His mouth covered my sex, his agile tongue alternately diving into my channel and batting at my clit. I squirmed and bucked, but he held me still with strong hands on the inside of my thighs, pushing me closer and closer to orgasm. He sucked hard and pulled away from my cunt with a loud pop. Then he fell back to just suck

my erect clit into his mouth, holding it with his teeth and lashing it mercilessly with his tongue. I lost it. Inhaling a scream, I pulled deeply on Rudy's cock, making him yell and shake and very nearly come. He yanked out of my mouth forcibly before that happened, and I was left to writhe through the rest of that orgasm with Michael still feasting on my flesh.

"Stop!" I cried.

He didn't. I lost track of Rudy. Lost track of time. There was nothing but Michael's mouth and my cunt and another pulsing, insane orgasm.

Finally, when I was a quivering, gooey mess, he relented. "Sweet and wet," he murmured, rising to his knees.

I watched, helpless, as he tugged my hips closer to that tree trunk he had for a cock. Shifters don't carry diseases that humans -- like witches -- can catch, so I didn't have to worry about STDs, and thanks to genetics and magic, witches don't get pregnant unless we consciously try to do so. So there was nothing for me to worry about other than the fact that he might rip me apart with that huge thing. He placed himself at my opening, then used brute strength to grab my hips and pull me onto him inch by glorious, fucking inch.

I was full long before he was done. Or so I thought. I gasped, and he smiled, slowly removing me from his cock. Glancing down, I saw him there, only about halfway in. There was more?! I watched him emerge, coated with my juices. It felt incredible. Then he pushed back again, further.

"Wait, wait," I begged, trying to get away. Or was I?

"C'mon, sweetheart," he crooned, clutching my ass. My thighs were draped over his forearms. "Take it. Take every last inch of me."

Goddess, he was stretching me apart! He touched every bit of me inside, the sheer width of him making him scrape against that oh-so-sensitive spot just inside my opening. It drove me crazy. I flailed in his grip, but he had a good hold on my legs and hips. Helpless, I dug my fingers into his thighs. Once more he pulled nearly out, then back again. Always slowly, always making sure that I felt every damn bit. It was torture. It was heaven. Leashed: Two for One Deal 35

It was in! I glanced down to see his nest of black hair meshing with my own. I looked up to see a look of unadulterated pleasure on his handsome face. "All the way in. Under your skin."

A part of me suspected he meant something else by that, but the rest of me couldn't have cared less. I rocked my hips, whimpering as my inner walls struggled to strangle him.

"Oh, yeah!" I twisted my head to see Rudy propped up against one side of the headboard, cock in hand, enjoying the show.

I would have reached to him, I'm sure, invited him closer so I could play with his cock, but Michael's abrupt tug and shove shocked all thoughts from my mind.

My eyes locked with his, and I gaped. His irises had expanded to nearly take over the whites of his eyes, the pupils had lengthened to slits, and his smile revealed elongated canines, both upper and lower. A faint memory tugged at my brain of my sister crowing about fucking her shifter and making him lose it. It meant he was way into it. I knew how she felt. Looking into those eyes, a savage joy slammed my heart against my ribs and punched my diaphragm.

Using his arms and his grip on my hips, Michael shoved strangled mewls of pleasure out of me by setting a rhythm and banging away. I clawed the bedsheet, the position giving me no leverage to push

back. I was entirely at his mercy and loving it! The backs of my thighs caught his belly, and my calves braced his shoulders. I came, squeezing my thighs together. He transferred both of my ankles to one shoulder, allowing me to squeeze him tighter. He shoved into my pulsing cunt, an agonized snarl on his face. He roared and slammed my hips one last time, ramming home as he came.

He used my legs to support him while he gathered himself. Warmth suffused my body, not only from the orgasm, but from knowing that I'd wrung a pretty powerful one out of him. Shooting me a grin, his features fully human again, he kissed the insides of my ankles and released my legs to pull free. He eased back to the foot of the bed, content, it seemed, to lean against the footboard and breathe.

I was content to lie there and bask, spread-eagled and shameless, on the rumpled sheet. But my basking was short-lived. Rudy appeared over my head, braced on arms to either side of my shoulders, grinning down at me. Once he had my attention, he crawled down over my body, treating me to a view of his cock as he bent to swipe his tongue through my pussy. No doubt that he tasted the combined juices of me and Michael. I groaned.

"Yum," he murmured as he continued crawling. Once he was between my legs, he pivoted and very carefully, very slowly, lowered himself atop my sweaty body. "Remember me?"

I laughed, weakly, lifting my arms to circle his neck. "How could I forget?" He lapped sweat from the base of my throat. "Mmm, good." 36 Jet Mykles

A little maneuvering, and I felt the head of his cock at my entrance. As I was already stretched and soaked, he slid in easily. He wasn't as thick, but I was sensitized, and I still felt every bit of him. I groaned, free to rock my hips in this position. I hissed when I felt him knock my womb. He really was longer than Michael.

He froze, eyes on my face. "Ok?"

I wiggled. Rocked a bit. Decided I liked it. "Yeah."

The relief on his face made me think his length had been a problem on previous occasions. "That's my girl." He pulled back and shoved in.

Goddess! To fuck one man right after another has fucked you. To know that the first was watching and enjoying the sight. To wonder what looked better to Michael -- my limbs wrapped tightly around Rudy, or Rudy's slim, muscled ass as it pumped at me. The thought drove me crazy. I peeked at Michael over Rudy's shoulder, and he did indeed seem to enjoy what he saw. Even though his eyes were back to human, he looked every inch the sated cat, even licking his lips as he watched.

"Oh, Rudy!" I screamed when he changed his angle a bit and hit me just there. I bunched my hand in his hair. "Ah! Goddess!" I braced my ankles in the small of his back, and my entire body clenched. He froze, breathing hard into my neck as I jerked my hips, fucking him through my orgasm.

"That was fucking hot!" he muttered in my ear when I fell back. "Do it again."

"I can't."

"Oh, yeah, baby, you can."

Actually, he was right. But he had to barrel into me, pounding the entrance of my womb before my body again took over.

"No more," I begged, shaking after that one.

"One more." He bit my earlobe. "For me." He bit my neck, and another orgasm came out of nowhere. He'd found an erogenous zone I hadn't even known I had. I came with a scream, and he let it

bring on his own this time, clutching me as his seed washed inside me.

The two of us lay in a sweaty mess.

After a few moments of simply breathing, Michael got up and sauntered away. Soon, I heard water running.

From his sprawl across my body, Rudy pushed up. He grinned at me, his shaggy hair wet with sweat and tangled from my death grip. "Shower time."

I whimpered. "I can't move." I was pretty darn serious! I didn't think my legs worked at all.

He chuckled. "Want me to carry you?"

"Oh, sure. This time you ask." Leashed: Two for One Deal 37

He laughed and moved off the bed. He tugged my leg to bring me closer, then bent to pick me up.

The bathroom was wonderful. All green and ivory tile and sparkling appliances to match the ivory. The huge shower took up one entire end of the room and could easily fit three people, with nozzles on two opposite walls, both detachable. A low, tiled bench ran the length of the third wall underneath a large, frosted window. The glass door was clear, providing an excellent view of Michael as he rinsed suds from his hair underneath one of the nozzles.

Rudy opened the door, then eased my feet to the floor. Michael was there to steady me, all wet and warm and ... oh, my, the Goddess made him well! Water dripped heavily through the mat of black hair on his chest, swirling around a nipple that just begged to be sucked. I wanted to comply, but when Rudy let go, my wobbly legs would barely hold me.

Laughing softly, Michael caught me up against his chest. I wrapped my arms around his waist, pressing my cheek to his chest. Water from the nozzle behind him trickled over his shoulder and over my front, the warmth seeping a dreamy lassitude through my skin.

"Did we break you?" I heard his voice more through his chest than through the air.

"Probably." I sighed. "But I don't mind."

More water struck my back. A quick glance showed me that Rudy was behind me with a detachable showerhead, wetting me down.

"Then you don't mind being with both of us at once?" Michael asked.

I laughed. "Are you nuts?"

He chuckled, slipping his hands through my hair as warm water spilled through it.

"How do you feel?"

"Ridden hard. Just, please, don't put me away wet."

They both chuckled. "We won't," Rudy assured me.

The water behind me stopped, and a moment later Rudy's hands touched me, covered in soap. He had wonderfully strong fingers that massaged my skin.

"I actually meant your magic," Michael rumbled, pulling my hair out of Rudy's way.

"Oh. That." Reluctantly, I took a metaphysical inventory. "Something's blocking me. No, that's not right. It's like it's right there, but I can't reach the extra inch to take it. Does that make sense?"

"Yes."

Michael adjusted to allow Rudy to slide his soapy hands between us. He cupped my breasts, pinching the nipples lightly as he pulled me against him. That easily, they transferred me from one embrace to

the other. It was Michael's turn to soap his hands, after which he knelt to soap my legs. Rudy reached up to the nozzle that had pounded Michael's back and twisted it so it produced a fine mist. 38 Jet Mykles

I raised my hand up to cup the back of Rudy's head, sliding my fingers over slick, wet hair. "What about you?" I muttered. "Shouldn't we wash you?"

"It's more fun to wash you," he murmured, licking the spot on my throat that had made me come before.

I shuddered, feeling the strange echoes of that orgasm.

Michael soaped my legs, then directed Rudy to rinse them. He soaped up again. His hands went to my pussy this time.

"I don't think I can take it again," I moaned as he ran slippery fingers through my swollen folds.

"Once more," he murmured, finding my clit and swirling it softly. "Then we'll take a nap."

Something about his intensity struck a nerve. I dragged open my eyes and looked down at him. "What are you doing to me?"

He raised his gaze, some gloating look on his face. A thrill of fear ran through me, not enough to push aside the wonderful, warm lethargy, but enough to clear my thoughts a bit. What was I doing?

But I was way too beat to fight. I could only watch as he stood. He pulled me away from Rudy, turned, and lifted me against the shower tiles. I hissed at the coolness of the sandstone at my back, but it took mere seconds for it to warm to my body heat.

Besides, I had a tremendous source of heat pressing against my front. "Wrap your legs around my waist."

"I can't."

Kissing me softly, he braced me with his body, then took hold of my ass in such a way that it was unnatural for me not to wrap my legs around him. "Just hold on, sweetheart," he murmured.

It was Rudy who reached beneath me as Michael lifted my body. Rudy positioned Michael at my entrance as Michael and I engaged in a soul-gaze.

"What are you doing to me?" I asked again.

I shuddered as he lowered me onto that thick cock of his, but I refused to close my eyes. He didn't answer until I was fully seated, bursting with his sex. "Taking possession."

"What?"

But that was all he'd say, and he made sure I couldn't speak any more, by lifting and lowering me onto his cock. I'd never done this before. Of the few lovers I'd had, none had come close to strong enough to take me against the wall. But Michael did it easily, no strain whatsoever showing, only pleasure.

I whimpered, my abused channel afire with raw sensation. I don't even think I came, but then, I don't think the orgasm really stopped. I was a confusion of pleasure as he used me Leashed: Two for One Deal 39

as his tool. At the very last, before he set loose inside me, he smashed his lips on mine, gaining entrance with his tongue by brute force. Not that I fought him. On the contrary, my body seemed to be following his mind better than mine. It opened, accommodated, squeezed just when he needed it to wring a quiet, straining orgasm from him.

He held me for a moment, his forehead braced against the shower wall behind me. I buried my face in his neck, too wrung out to make sense of anything. Truthfully, at the moment, I didn't care. I'd never been fucked so well or so thoroughly as I'd been tonight, and I was determined to enjoy it!

Sounds of Rudy switching off the water and opening the shower door. Cool air wafted through the hazy steam, a welcome relief.

Michael took a breath and eased back, sliding his arms around me as my back left the shower wall. He lifted me a bit to ease his cock out of me. Twin little moans escaped us. Supporting my lifeless body, he exited the shower. I felt like a rag doll as he handed me off to the towel in Rudy's arms.

"Can you stand?" Rudy asked.

"Only barely," I admitted.

They both held me up and dried me off. Michael gently rubbed my hair with a towel as I propped myself against Rudy's chest. Then Rudy picked me up and carried me back out into the bedroom.

I never knew when my head hit the pillows, asleep before it happened. 40 Jet Mykles

Chapter Seven

Cocooned in warmth, I did not want to get up. I tried to convince my bladder that it wasn't full and didn't want me to move, but it wasn't listening. I ignored it as long as I could, but finally decided that it was not a good idea to wet the bed.

I shifted my arm underneath me so I could push up. A steely, hairy arm around my waist tightened, preventing escape.

I tapped it. "Gotta pee," I whispered.

Michael grunted and released me. I pushed up, then crawled over Rudy, who lay on his belly. He'd made a nice, solid body pillow, and Michael had made a heavy comforter. I never missed the lack of sheets and comforter, with such lovely bedclothes. The two of them generated a lot of heat, and I sorely missed it when I left the bed. The carpet was soft beneath my feet as I made for the bathroom. The bedroom itself was nearly pitch dark, but the frosted window in the bathroom caught the moonlight and cast a pretty bluish haze through the door.

Half asleep, I concluded my business and re-emerged into the bedroom. Rudy was there, handing

me my cell phone, which was ringing. Yawning, he passed it to me and went into the bathroom.

The phone stopped ringing. I looked at the lit display. First, I was stunned to see that it was ten o'clock. We'd only been asleep for about two hours. I would have sworn it was almost morning. Second, I was pissed to see who had just called me.

Instant rage kept me immobile, until the phone started ringing again a minute later.

"You bastard!"

Instantly, Michael was up and halfway out of bed. Leashed: Two for One Deal 41

"Why didn't you answer your phone?" Roland demanded. "This is the fourth time I've called you."

"Fuck you! What did you do to my magic?"

Rudy scrambled out of the bathroom just as Michael turned on the light. Michael waved him to silence, and they both concentrated silently on me and my side of the conversation. Me? I started pacing.

"I told you not to cross me, Meg."

"You fucking asshole! I'm going to wring your neck."

"Such language. I take it that's why you tried to leash those shifters?" he sneered. "And, by the way, that was incredibly stupid. You could have gotten hurt!"

I stopped at the footboard of the bed. "What?!"

"Did they hurt you when they snapped the leashes?"

"Oh, that is fucking rich! You're pissed at me because I had the gall to protect myself from you? And then whatever you did to me messed up my spell to hold them?"

"Meg, you're lucky they simply gave up and went away. While I'm pleased to find out that you attracted two shifters, in order to hold one of them, you must ..."

"Don't you dare lecture me!"

"Someone needs to teach you how to use your magic."

"And it's sure as the Goddess not going to be you, you jerk!"

He sighed. "Meg, you should just give in. You know you can't win."

"I know no such thing!"

"And together we can be a force to be reckoned with. With your power and my guidance ..."

"I'll give you something to reckon, you pig. My foot up your ass!"

"Do not use such language, my love."

"Do not call me that!" I cried, stabbing my finger in mid-air despite the fact that he couldn't see it. "What did you do with my magic?"

"Are you all right?"

"Oh, I'm fucking dandy! Except that I don't have my magic! What did you do?"

Michael crawled down the bed to kneel close to me. Rudy crossed the room to sit on the side of the bed.

"You see, if you had studied as you should, you would know the spell I used."

"Oh, you are such an unmitigated ass!"

"Nonetheless, I have your magic safe with me. Accept my invitation and come to me tomorrow night, and I'd be happy to give it back."

"I'll tell you what I'll give you, you son of a bitch!" 42 Jet Mykles

"Join me, Meg. Make this a Samhain that we'll never forget. A time of new beginnings. A time when you and I join together to form a coven like no other."

"What planet are you living on? I've already told you, being your plaything doesn't excite me."

"It did."

"Actually, no, it didn't. You intrigued me for awhile, until you showed me what a shit you are."

Michael's big hand closed over mine, cutting off Roland before he could respond. Shocked, I stared at the phone and my hand, still held completely within his. "Oh, that's going to piss him off."

"Good."

I looked up into Michael's calm face. "Why'd you do that?"

"First, to piss him off." We shared an evil grin. "Second, to tell you not to let him know you've still got us leashed. He'll think you're helpless if he thinks we're no longer in the picture."

"I'm not ...!"

"And --" The phone started to ring. "-- I know the spell he used, and I believe I know how to break it. You'll need to meet with him somewhere in person. Try to make it neutral ground, someplace where there will be other people around, but not too many."

"What ...?"

He released my hand. "Answer the phone."

"Bossy cat." Scowling, I flipped open the phone. "What?"

"Meg, I've been very patient with you. Do not upset me further." Oh, yeah, Roland was mad. But, true to form, he held his cool. An ice man, that one. "Let's keep in mind that your magic is literally in my hands."

I stared at Michael, trying to work out what was happening. His cool gaze gave me nothing. "If you've got my magic, what do you need me for?"

Michael shook his head.

"I have your magic, Meg," Roland explained, as though tutoring a child. "I need you to access it."

"Poor you."

I could almost see him gritting his teeth. I had that effect on him. "Meg, can you not understand how powerful the two of us together can be?"

"I don't want to be anything with you, Roland. I'm not that mad to control other people." He grumbled, but remained relatively pleasant. "Come to me, Meg. Join with me. Let me show you what we can be together." Leashed: Two for One Deal 43

Trust me, Michael mouthed. How could I deny what I knew to be a very talented set of lips?

"When and where?"

"Pardon?" Good, I'd caught him off guard.

"As you put it, you've got my magic in your hands. If I want it back, I need to see you, right?" Before me, Michael nodded. "But I won't meet you alone, and it won't be at your house."

"You don't trust me."

"You think?"

"Then I'll allow you the choice. Where do you want to meet?"

"The plaza Halloween party. The courtyard right between my shop and Reilly's."

"The music store?"

"Yes."

He chuckled, the self-absorbed shit! "Very well. When?"

"When?"

Michael held up ten fingers as Roland answered in the affirmative.

"Ten o'clock."

"What of my party?"

"Do you want to do this or not?"

He sighed. "I don't know why I placate you."

I bit my lip on a number of choice words that burbled into my mouth.

"Very well, my dear. I'll see you then."

I closed the phone and stood there, looking deep into Michael's impossibly green eyes. "How do you know the spell?"

"I've studied."

I grimaced. "So? You're not a witch."

He smiled. "I've been leashed before."

I blinked. "Really?"

He nodded, sitting back on his heels. With that one action, he reminded me suddenly that we were all three very naked. Michael sat there, all calm and brawny and ... yum. Rudy perched on the edge of the bed, watching us, all slim and cute and ... well, yum.

I tried not to let it distract me. "Who? How'd you get free?"

Michael turned toward Rudy, who met his gaze curiously. Smiling, Michael reached out to slide his hands into the hair around Rudy's right ear and used it to pull the younger man toward him. Rudy went willingly, crawling further onto the bed to meet Michael's brief 44 Jet Mykles

kiss, then settle happily with his head on Michael's shoulder. Both men looked at me. My heart stopped.

"It doesn't matter," Michael assured me, lifting his free hand to beckon me forward.

If I reached out, I could let him take my hand and pull me to them. I wanted to. But I bit my lip, struggling to remember what we were talking about. "This other witch taught you spells?"

He smiled, dark teasing in his eyes. "Yes. Not all witches are as clueless as you are."

I set my hands on my hips and glared at him. I don't think the fact that I was naked helped me look imposing.

Rudy laughed, skimming his hand along the trail of hair that led down Michael's chest to the cock that was waking up.

I narrowed my eyes at them, determined to have this conversation despite their attempt at distraction. "What's your plan to break Roland's spell?"

"Come here."

"I don't think I should."

"You don't trust me?"

"Should I?"

"You did earlier."

“Yeah, well ...” Oh, brilliant comeback, Meg!

He tipped Rudy’s face up with two fingers and gazed into his eyes. “Rudy trusts me.”

“Rudy knows you better.”

“Mmmm.” He lovingly searched Rudy’s face. “Yes, Rudy knows me well.”

A huge grin lit Rudy’s face.

Michael kissed him softly, his tongue darting out to sample Rudy’s lips. My head spun at the sight. I had never imagined that seeing two men kiss would be so beautiful. Pulling back from Rudy’s mouth, Michael put his hand on the back of Rudy’s neck and pressed. Rudy’s head bent and lowered down, down, down ... My throat went dry as I watched, fascinated. Before he got there, Rudy’s hand circled Michael’s cock, aiming it for his open mouth. His lips closed around the head and slid down the shaft, and I watched him swallow it. I barely heard the little squeak that scratched the back of my throat as my own mouth fell partially open in jealousy.

“Do you want us, Meg?”

I tore my gaze from Rudy’s mouth, raising it to Michael’s face. He watched me carefully.

“I don’t see how this is part of the plan to get my magic back.”

“It is.” He hissed, clutching Rudy’s neck for a moment. Rudy grinned around his mouthful, but didn’t stop. Leashed: Two for One Deal 45

“H-how?” I asked.

“If your link with us is strong enough, we could help you with the counterspell.”

“Run that by me again?”

“Gladly.” He grabbed Rudy’s hair and looked like he was slowing the younger man down. “We’re leashed. It can be a two-way bond if both sides are willing to open themselves to the other.” His eyes were intent on my face, despite the fact that Rudy’s tongue was laving the head of his cock. “If Rudy and I are willing, you can tap us for the necessary power for a small spell. It should be plenty to supply what you need to counteract what Roland Parks has done to you.”

“You can act as a conduit?”

“Yes.”

“I’ve never heard of shifters acting as conduits before, only other witches.”

He pulled Rudy up by the hair. “And we’ve already established that you know so much about magic.”

Distracted by the glistening wet lips and lust-filled eyes on Rudy’s face, it took me a moment to respond. “Bite me, cat.”

He grinned, showing teeth that he’d allowed to go pointy. “Come here.”

“I’m serious, though; it doesn’t work. That part I do know. My mother and sisters have leashed shifters, and they’ve never been able to use them like that.”

“I neglected to mention that it only works if you’ve leashed two shifters. One’s not enough.”

“And you know this how?”

“As I said, I was leashed before.”

“Along with another shifter?”

He nodded.

I looked at Rudy, who, now that Michael had released his hair, was busy nibbling at Michael’s

shoulder. Michael answered my look. "No. It wasn't Rudy."

"Who are you?"

He chuckled. "Let's talk over dinner sometime." He licked his lips. "Meantime, the link works better the more intimate we are. So come here."

"We've been intimate."

His grin was positively feral. "More intimate."

"How can we get more intimate?"

He crawled forward, and against my better judgment, I stayed where I was. In a very feline gesture, he butted his head against my chest first, rolling his head and sliding it up until he could nuzzle my neck. Silky, soft tendrils of his hair tickled my breasts and 46 Jet Mykles

shoulders. He wrapped his arm around my waist and drew me to his chest as he straightened. With me securely pressed against him, he reached back to take Rudy's arm. The wolf came easily, allowing Michael to lead him off the bed and draw him to stand behind me. The two of them pressed me between them, as they had when we'd slept.

But we weren't asleep now. We were all very much awake.

"For this to work, the three of us need to be linked," Michael murmured into my left temple. Behind me, Rudy bent to nuzzle the right side of my neck. "You need to know what it's like to feel both of us inside you."

I stiffened. "Metaphysically?"

"Physically and metaphysically."

I shoved at his chest, but his grip on Rudy's shoulders trapped me between them. "Exactly what are you saying?"

He kissed my brow. "We fuck you at the same time."

"B-both of you?!"

Rudy's hand slid down my back and, very deliberately, into the crack of my ass. I jumped when he fingered that hidden opening.

I pushed harder at Michael's chest. "No way."

"Shhh," Michael soothed. "We won't if you don't agree."

That only marginally made me feel better. "Someone taught this to you? For the spell?"

"No. Some of it is theory."

"Theory? You want to fuck my ass on theory?"

"It can be amazing, Meg," Rudy cooed.

"Are you nuts? You're both huge."

"And we've fucked each other."

Michael had to have known the picture those words would put in my head. I'm sure it's why he said them. But that didn't stop the images from forming. Rudy on all fours, with Michael behind him. Or Rudy draped over Michael's back, doing him. I closed my eyes, hot lust expanding in my breast.

Rudy's fingers slid forward between my legs, sinking into my wet pussy. Goddess, they'd made me wet again. He pumped those fingers inside me, then pulled back to smear the wetness to my ass.

Michael cupped my face in his hands and turned me in to a tender kiss. Rudy continued to wet me with my own juices; then he slowly sank a long finger into me. I flinched.

“Relax,” Rudy whispered, ghosting his lips over my shoulder and neck as he pulled out, then pushed his finger in again. “Resisting is what makes it hurt.” Leashed: Two for One Deal 47

I disagreed. The fact that that particular hole was more of an exit than an entrance was what made it hurt. The fact that his fingers scraped enough, what the hell would his cock do?

I managed to tolerate the finger and even felt a dark frisson of pleasure when he pulled out. But when he started to press two fingers inside, I weirded out and pulled away from Michael.

“I can’t do this,” I gasped, wiggling to dislodge Rudy’s fingers.

They exchanged a glance, but said nothing immediately. Then Michael nodded, and Rudy backed off.

“I’m sorry, I ...”

Michael put the fingers of one hand to my lips to quiet me. He brought me onto the bed into a heated embrace that melted some of my tension. He broke free to gently push me onto my back. “Do you want to see?”

My eyes went wide, and I swore Rudy did a little happy dance from where he watched us. “Uh ...”

“Say yes, Meg,” Rudy begged.

I had to smile. He was too excited. “Um, ok.”

Eagerly, Rudy pounced on one of the drawers in the bookcase beside the side of the bed. Michael moved back away from me, smiling, and accepted the small bottle of what I assumed to be lube from Rudy.

“Exhibitionist,” Michael muttered, popping the top.

Rudy knelt before him, caressing Michael’s hips and thighs, sliding one hand down to cradle his balls. “Hey, it was your suggestion.”

Michael held up the bottle between them. “Give or take?”

Rudy paused, shot me a glance. He grinned, gave Michael a thorough kiss. “Take.”

It became immediately apparent what that meant to them. Michael poured clear fluid into his hand as Rudy turned to face away from him. I fidgeted as I watched them, unsure what to do. The thought of this really turned me on; the fact of what I was about to see turned on some switch in my hips that didn’t allow them to stay still. I grabbed a pillow and hugged it as Michael smeared his hand down Rudy’s ass. Rudy squirmed and made happy sounds -- overdoing it, I think, for my benefit. He reached out to draw my foot to his mouth and sucked on my toes while Michael poured more lube on him.

“Stop that,” I admonished.

He grinned up at me. “Stop being so serious,” he said. “Sex is supposed to be ... ughh, fun.” His eyes fell closed, and I looked back to see Michael’s glistening fingers very clearly as they sank into Rudy. Two fingers at once, and Rudy obviously loved it. Michael pumped them in and out, then with a little more lube, added another. 48 Jet Mykles

Lips at my toes shocked me back into breathing. I looked down at Rudy, who was watching my face. “It feels good. I swear.”

Michael reared up on his knees, poured a bit more lube on his palm, capped the bottle, and tossed it to me. I caught it on reflex, my eyes on his hands as he smeared the wetness over his cock. He placed

his cock at Rudy's opening, then slowly pressed in.

Goddess! I remember how that monster cock felt inside me; I couldn't imagine what it felt like in Rudy's ass. But a glance at Rudy's face convinced me he loved it. He'd brushed back his hair, and I saw his face for the first time without his bangs as an obstruction. The pleasure on his face was unmistakable as he bit his lip to muffle a groan. I looked at Michael, and he, too, wore a look of utmost pleasure.

Was I really watching this? Were two beautiful men fucking each other before me? I could hardly believe it, could hardly stand it, as I watched Michael pull back and push all the way back in. His fingers dug into the meat of Rudy's ass, but I'm pretty sure it was Rudy who was pushing back and setting the rhythm. In and out. In and out. Michael's cock slid in and out, just as it had when he'd fucked me, except he was fucking Rudy, who'd also fucked me. The whole thing made some kind of cosmic circle that made a hell of a lot of sense.

Rudy clutched at the bed with one hand. I looked and found his other hand on his cock, fondling it as Michael drove into him. It was too much. I reached down and fondled my clit, slipping my fingers through my wet folds as I watched them heave against each other.

With a strangled grunt, Rudy came, spilling onto the sheet. Michael stiffened behind him, his handsome face drawn into a scowl of pleasure. I slowed my personal ministrations, watching them come down. Michael pulled out, and I watched his cock emerge, wet with copious amounts of lube and his own come. I bit my lip.

I cried out when Rudy pounced on me. I'd thought he was down for the count. I was wrong. He pushed my legs apart, caught my hand, and sucked greedily on my wet fingers. He grinned up at me. "It's so good, Meg."

I opened my mouth to reply, but only managed a groan as he dropped his head to suck in the clit that he'd exposed.

Michael left the bed while I melted underneath Rudy, who used his agile tongue to spread me open. He dug two fingers deep inside me, curling them to catch that spot. I shuddered, my hips arching off the bed at the sensation. He thrashed my clit with his tongue and managed to push one of his wet fingers into my ass before I realized what he was doing. He pushed it. Pulled it. It felt weird. It felt good. When he sucked my clit like that, just about anything felt good!

I came with a stuttering scream and an arch of my back that took my hips at least a foot off the bed. Rudy ate at me through it, moving with me and pushing back at my humping hips. He only relented a little when my butt touched the bed again. He played his tongue

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over my lips, my opening. I rocked and was surprised to find that he still had his finger buried in my ass.

Scratch that -- he had two fingers buried in my ass. I squirmed. It burned, and I couldn't decide if it was a good burn. But his tongue was convincing me that anything he did was fabulous. He started in on my clit again and pushed his thumb into my pussy. He gently pumped both thumb and fingers into me as he brought me to climax again.

Michael was returning from the bathroom when I came back to earth this time. He had apparently cleaned himself off and now had a cloth that he used to wipe the lube from Rudy's ass. As I watched, he tossed the cloth aside, then climbed over Rudy until he was straddling Rudy's head and,

therefore, my hips. He touched his nose to mine, forehead to mine.

“Feel it, Meg. I know you can. You’re too powerful, too instinctive, not to. That other witch I was with couldn’t do this, but you can.” His words shocked me, even more because Rudy continued to distract me with fingers, thumb, tongue, and lips. “It’s the perfect time of year. Samhain. Magic is rife in the air. You haven’t been blocked from all your power, or else the leashes would be completely gone.”

As he called my scattered attention to them, the leashes shimmered to view. I didn’t know if only I could see them, or if he’d somehow made them visible. But when he raised his head, I saw the faint yellow-white glow around his neck. I glanced down and saw the darker orange-ish one around the base of his cock and the yellow-white band around Rudy’s neck.

“They’re stronger each time we fuck you,” he said. “Deeper. Connecting us. Let’s complete the connection between all three of us.”

I shuddered as Rudy pushed me over the top again. This one was a long, hazy spiral that wound my senses and flushed them down the drain into a maelstrom.

“Let us, Meg.” His lips hovered over mine, breathing in my gasps.

“Oh, yes,” I moaned, the thought too much to deny any longer.

Rudy slowly drew away from my pussy. Michael sank onto my body, his hips replacing Rudy’s head. Deftly, he rolled, taking me with him until I ended up on top.

“Reach down and put my cock inside you, Meg,” he murmured.

Eagerly, I complied. I couldn’t resist pumping that thick organ once with my hand, just to make him moan, before I placed him and used my body weight to sheathe him deep inside. Even wet as I was, it took some maneuvering. And he’d had that whole thing inside Rudy! The memory of the sight boiled my blood, and my body seized in a massive shudder. More! I slammed down on him, grinding my groin to his. His sharp intake of breath sliced pure joy through my chest.

Then Rudy was there. I felt his hands on my butt, his fingers sliding through the crack, which my position straddling Michael already widened. 50 Jet Mykles

“Relax,” Rudy soothed when my motion faltered. “Fuck him, Meg. Goddess, you’re beautiful.”

I whimpered, both at the compliment and at the fact that Michael took a nipple between thumb and forefinger and pinched it.

Wet fingers probed my ass. Just as Michael had done to him, Rudy prepared me, slathering tons of lubrication in my hole. I sank down on Michael’s chest, moaning softly. Michael murmured soothing nothings in my ear and rolled his hips a bit, fucking me from underneath.

Rudy was ready. His fingers were gone, and I felt something larger and blunter nudge against my nether hole. I froze completely. Rudy leaned forward to press his chest to my back, easing his cock lengthwise between my ass cheeks. “I’ll go slow,” he murmured, kissing the back of my shoulder. “It’ll hurt at first, but if you can get past it, I promise you’ll like it.”

“You better be right.”

He chuckled. His cockhead teased against my anus. I comforted myself by rolling my hips against Michael, abrading my pussy with the thickness of him.

“Push out at me,” Rudy said as he started to press in. “Relax and push out. It’ll make it easier. Relax.”

He kept saying that! Just because of that, I knew it was going to hurt like hell. But I was committed now. And truthfully, a part of me really wanted this. I did push back against him, grinding Michael at the same time.

“Shit!” I hissed. “That hurts.”

“You’re tight,” Rudy groaned. His fingers dug into my sides.

I dropped my head and braced my arms to either side of Michael’s neck. Michael fondled my breasts while Rudy pressed steadily forward.

“Wait!”

Rudy stopped pushing and started pulling. Oh, my! Now that felt kind of good. Especially since Michael decided to push a bit. Rudy was almost out before he started to push again, slowly. Michael ever so slowly edged out of my pussy, making way.

“Oh, fuck, Mike, I can feel you!” Rudy groaned, forehead pressed to the back of my shoulder.

He could?! The thought made me shudder more, even as I tried not to concentrate on the burn of Rudy’s cock forging into my ass.

“Meg, Goddess, Meg,” Rudy muttered, his lips fluttering over my back and shoulders. “You’re so hot. So tight.”

He pulled, and Michael pushed, and I fucking couldn’t stand it. I squealed, squirming as best I could as pleasure, wet and dark and overwhelming, washed over me. Leashed: Two for One Deal 51

They kept up the slow pace, their hands keeping me as still as possible as they stretched me beyond anything I’d thought was possible. I cried out.

“More,” I finally demanded, my fingers now clawing at Michael’s shoulders. “Faster.”

“You sure?” Rudy asked.

“Yes, damn it. Yes!”

The rhythm picked up, and I thought about dying. Dying right there would be good because I didn’t think it could get much better.

“Feel it, Meg,” Michael grunted. “Feel us.”

“I can’t ... I can’t do anything but.”

“More, Meg. The leashes.”

What was he talking about? How could I possibly ...?

When I thought of the leashes, they flared back to life in my metaphysical sight. But more than that, they expanded, winding. The faded yellow-white around Michael’s throat met the same from Rudy’s and extended to somewhere around where my heart raced within my chest. Metaphysical sight has little to do with eyes, so I also saw the spells around their cocks -- the cocks pistoning deep inside me -- wind together, reach and latch around something in my belly. My womb. The connections snapped into place, and I stiffened, ramrod straight, as the most incredible surge of blinding pleasure roared through me. I don’t know what my body did, but I’m pretty sure I was moving. Because they were moving. The spells were moving. Everything was pumping into me; everything was filling me; everything was pushing me to the breaking point, where I let out a scream. Pleasure and power burst from my shuddering skin and shoved into them, fucking them like they were fucking me. Both of my lovers roared, claws bursting out, fangs and eyes going bestial. For one agonizing, endless moment, we were one straining being struggling to mesh three parts into one. 52 Jet Mykles

Chapter Eight

I woke when the warm male back I was snuggling against tried to escape. I grumbled as he tried to slide out from under me.

Rudy chuckled, patting my hand. "Awake?"

"No." I nuzzled his shoulder and bit the muscle.

He shuddered. "Hungry?"

I blinked. Thought about it. "Actually, yeah."

"Good? I was getting up to make breakfast."

Sighing, I released him. "Fine. If it's for a good cause."

He rolled over quickly to face me and brushed a warm kiss on my lips. "There are new toothbrushes and stuff in the bathroom. Help yourself if you don't want to dig out your own."

As I watched his shapely little rear end lift from the bed, I realized that it must be morning because I could see clearly. I wiggled my behind, but the male body that had kept my back warm all night was gone.

Well, damn.

I snuggled down into the pillows, enjoying the smell of hot, musky sex I'd had with two amazingly gorgeous men. I giggled, breathing deep. I'd passed out completely after that last explosive orgasm, but as I was relatively clean -- if really sore -- I smiled warmly to realize that one or both of my lovers had tended to me.

Lovers. Plural. Amazing. In less than a day, I'd not only acquired two gorgeous shifters who seemed bound and determined to protect me, but I'd also acquired two amazing lovers who seemed determined to find my sexual limits. Part of me almost wanted to thank Roland for pushing me into casting the spell to attract them. Leashed: Two for One Deal 53

Unfortunately, Roland was a sobering thought. Experimentally, I tried a simple spell. Watching my fingers, I tried to get a flame to balance on the tips. It was a spell I'd done thousands of times, the first I'd ever mastered. It was also amazingly simple.

Nothing.

So how the heck had I connected the three of us last night? That I recalled with blinding clarity. I'm pretty sure I could even do it again, although outside of orgasm, I wasn't sure what good it would do.

Not that the orgasm wasn't a great reason.

I got up from the bed and went to use the bathroom. My body ached inside and out in a way I'd never dreamed possible. Especially my ass. How had they managed to talk me into that?

After cleaning up, I crossed the hall to the guest bedroom I hadn't used, to get fresh clothing.

They were both in the kitchen when I arrived, talking softly as Rudy stood over a sizzling frying pan. Michael stood up against the counter beside him, holding a mug to his lips. His other arm was crossed over his chest as support. Both of them were dressed in jeans and nothing else.

Rudy glanced over his shoulder, tossing his head to clear sunny brown hair from his eyes.

"You're not a vegetarian, are you?" he asked, not quite hiding his horror at the thought.

"Nope."

"Thank the Goddess," he murmured, carrying the pan toward me and dumping a load of thick,

crackling bacon onto a platter sitting on the counter. It looked like that was the third or fourth panful of bacon he'd prepared, because the stack was pretty high. Another plate, full of fluffy scrambled eggs, sat beside the bacon.

I hiked myself up onto a barstool that stood on the opposite side of the long, freestanding counter from them. I winced a little at the tenderness of my posterior.

"Sore?" Michael asked.

Why did that knowing smirk make my heart race? Bastard. "Gee, you think?"

Rudy grinned as he returned the sizzling pan to the stove. "You get used to it."

I snorted and noticed that I didn't say that we wouldn't do it again. Good Goddess, if I wouldn't admit it to them, I could admit it to myself. Having them both inside my body was definitely an experience that I'd repeat, sore body or not.

Rudy crouched before the oven to remove a cookie sheet full of rolls. Michael picked up a mug and gestured it toward me. I nodded eagerly, and he poured me a cup of steaming black coffee.

"Are those homemade?" I asked.

"Yep," Rudy replied, standing. 54 Jet Mykles

Michael met my eyes over the rim of his coffee cup. "Don't look at me. He's the domestic one."

I chuckled, grabbing a piece of bacon. "Why does that not surprise me?"

Rudy dumped the rolls onto another plate with a practiced flourish, then set the pan on the stove and went to the refrigerator. "Somebody has to feed him. You should have seen what he was like before he met me."

"At least I ate. You were half starved," Michael drawled, setting the coffee down before me.

"True," Rudy admitted as he worked, "I didn't even know how to cook then. But I think I've done rather well." He stopped just to Michael's side, bumping hip to hip. "Right?"

Michael smiled and reached out to loosely circle Rudy's trim waist with his arm. "You do very well."

I watched the exchange with amazement. I'd never had any gay friends in long-term relationships, and I'd certainly never seen morning-after prattle between two men. It was enthralling. Rudy pressed his hip to Michael's, his hand resting lightly on Michael's belly. The smile they shared told of countless hours just being together.

"How long have you been together?"

"A little over a year," Rudy told me proudly, breaking the near-embrace to retrieve plates.

I frowned up at him. "How old are you?"

He grinned. "Twenty, four months ago."

I arched a brow at Michael, who had turned away to pile food on a plate. I smiled. "How old are you, Michael?"

"Old enough."

Rudy laughed, filling his own plate. "Thirty-two."

"How sweet. A May-December romance."

Michael glared. "Hardly."

"Yeah, it's June-December," Rudy joked, earning him a smack on the head.

Michael pointed a fork at me for emphasis. "And, just for the record, he chased me."

Rudy nodded emphatically. "Chased him for two years, in fact."

"Jail bait," Michael grumbled.

I laughed. "Was this when you were leashed before?"

Like a douse of cold water on a fire, there went the levity. Both of their grins faded abruptly, and neither would meet my gaze. "I'm sorry, guys. I didn't mean to bring up a sore subject."

Rudy glanced to Michael for guidance. Leashed: Two for One Deal 55

Michael forked eggs into his mouth, chewed, then sighed. "No. You've a right to know." The look on his face was thoughtful, shadowed with pain. "Just ... not yet. Let's get you through tonight and get your magic back. Then we'll talk."

Fair enough, I decided. Besides, I really wanted the light banter back.

Rudy came to the rescue. "Hey! Do we get to wear costumes?!"

Shortly after breakfast, I called Gwen, who had called my cell a number of times the previous night, both before and after Roland's call.

"Where are you? I called your house when I couldn't get you on your cell. I would have called the police, but ..."

But she knew it was a bad idea to involve mundanes in magical affairs. They tended to get hurt or used as tools.

"I'm sorry. There was an ... incident at the house. Michael and Rudy brought me to their place."

"Are you ok?"

"Yeah, I'm ok. Mostly."

"What does that mean?!"

I filled her in on Brent's visit, complete with losing my magic and Rudy and Michael coming to my rescue.

"Oh, my God, Meg --" Gwen was raised Catholic and introduced into the world of magic only in the last two years. The Goddess was a new concept for her still. "That's horrible! What are you going to do?"

I glanced down the hall from my seat at the kitchen counter. I was alone for the moment. Michael was in his office, and Rudy had taken the car keys and gone out hunting costumes for him and Michael, despite my assurances that they didn't need them.

"Michael thinks he knows a way to counter Roland's spell."

"Who is this guy, Meg? Do shifters normally know anything about magic?"

"Not as much as this one seems to."

"Do you think he's dangerous? Should I come and get you? Do you want me to call someone?"

"I know he's dangerous, but I don't think he is to me. I'm fine. Besides, the leash is still in place."

"Huh? I thought you said you lost your magic."

"I did. But the leashes are still in place. They're weak, though."

"Weak? And he didn't break it?"

"Nope." 56 Jet Mykles

"After his reaction yesterday, I would have thought he'd jump at the chance."

"Me, too."

Pause. "Meg?"

“Yeah?”

“What were you doing all last night in a house with two gorgeous men?”

I had to smile. She expected me to be coy. Fuck that. “Having amazing sex with the two of them.”

She laughed. “Yeah, right.” When I said nothing, she gasped, laughter gone. “Get out!”

My grin hurt my face, it was so big. “I shit you not.”

“You bitch! Oh, you must tell me all!”

Michael stepped into the hall, catching my attention. How could he not? With only jeans on, he was a delectable distraction. I could see the amusement in his expression. Shit! I guess cats have pretty good hearing. He gestured for me to join him, then turned back to the office.

“I’ve gotta go.”

“More sex?”

“Maybe.”

“You bitch!”

“No, I think Michael wants to start in on this counterspell.” I told her briefly that we’d be at the shop tonight and that I’d call later with the details.

“What’s going to happen, Meg?”

“I don’t know yet.”

“You take care of yourself, and call me if you need me.”

“I will. Thanks.”

I hung up, put my cell in my pocket, then went to join Michael.

His office was one of those Spartan deals with very little furniture. The only comfortable place to sit other than the plush black carpet was behind the massive, high-tech desk. The desk itself was one of those strange things that was more a series of shelves attached to chrome pipes. I counted at least three desktop computers and a laptop situated on, in, and below the desk, and there were two LCD monitors facing the chair. A widescreen television sat in an entertainment unit within a recess on the opposite wall, both it and the accompanying hi-fi equipment dangling loose cords and cables like entrails. Obviously, he hadn’t gotten around to finishing the setup.

Michael was seated cross-legged on the floor before the desk, a thick purple floor pillow underneath him. Another pillow sat before him. I took the seat when indicated.

I sighed. “This is where we learn words and meditate, right?” Leashed: Two for One Deal 57

He laughed softly at my grimace. “I take it this is not your favorite part of your craft?”

“I told you, it’s not my craft. It’s just something I do. I have to.”

“Why do you have to?”

“Because, unlike other people, the magic will just happen if I don’t learn some control. Other people have to make it happen. I have to make it not happen.”

“Interesting.” He watched as I adjusted my legs. “I’ve only known a few instinctives, and none very well.”

I shrugged. Settled my hands on my knees. Blew out a breath. “Ok, chief, whatcha got?”

We spent the next few hours discussing the aspects of the spell Roland had set on me and what I could do to counter it. Michael was surprisingly knowledgeable, and what he didn’t know, he had very

good theories about. His whole idea of the counterspell was a theory, but though I did my best to poke holes in it, it was a good theory.

I didn't get bored, which shocked me. Unlike those who had tried to teach me magic in the past, he didn't try to instruct. We discussed the magic. He asked me plenty of questions. I was surprised to find that I knew a lot of the answers. It was like he was just presenting facts and theories to me and leaving the actual magic part to me. I'd never had anyone do that with me. It was kind of fun!

I'd come up with a workable theory of a spell by the time Rudy returned. Michael and I got up to stretch our legs.

I was shocked when I looked at the clock. "It's five o'clock! We've been sitting here for five hours!"

"Mmm." He slid his hand over my back, using it to propel me into his chest. "And I've been wanting to do this for five hours."

He placed his lips on mine, a soft meeting of skin to skin, with a warm, wet tongue to moisten the way. I parted readily to allow him to explore my mouth, loving the taste of him. Dark and spicy.

"Hey! What'd I miss?"

Michael lifted his head with a smile that matched mine. Together we faced the door to see Rudy leaning in the doorway, one hand braced on either side of the opening.

Michael held out a hand to him. "Nothing. You're just in time."

"Excellent!" He sauntered toward us, sliding his denim jacket down his arms and tossing it onto the very uncomfortable-looking leather couch. The move looked practiced, far too smooth for it not to be a show for our benefit. Not that I didn't enjoy it, as the move did make the muscles of his chest and arms move nicely under his sleeveless t-shirt.

I reached out to trace the design tattooed around his biceps as he curled his arm around me from behind. "Nice." 58 Jet Mykles

"Thank you," he nuzzled my neck. Michael curled a hand in his hair, gently kissing the top of his head.

Michael's hands slid to my waist, where his fingers could trace my bare belly beneath the hem of my t-shirt and above the waistband of my jeans. "Now, we do something about strengthening the link between us. Rudy?"

"Hmmm?"

I shivered as he nibbled that spot on my neck he'd found that drove me crazy.

"It's our job to keep ourselves open to Meg. She needs to feel us, physically and mentally."

"Not a problem," Rudy assured him, shoving a hand under my arm to take possession of my breast.

Michael sank to his knees, loosening my jeans. I leaned into Rudy, mapping his chest by pressing my back against it.

"Meg, relax," Michael prompted, sliding my jeans down. "You concentrate on the magic." He swiped his tongue over my navel. "Let us take care of your body."

When put that way, how could a girl refuse?

I sighed, closing my eyes and sinking against Rudy. I wasn't wearing much, so it didn't take long for them to get me naked. Michael teased the curls between my legs with his lips and breath, never

quite touching anything good. Rudy supported me, one strong arm around my middle while the other hand played with my nipple. I let this go on until the teasing made me squirm.

"Michael," I warned, putting my hand to the back of his head to try and make him do something more serious.

He chuckled, sliding his hands up my thighs and hips as he stood. "Time to move to the bedroom." He lifted me easily from Rudy's embrace.

"Good," Rudy said, following. "Because this furniture you've got in here just isn't comfortable."

"It's my room."

"So you chose uncomfortable furniture to keep me out?"

"Ah! Deductive reasoning from the puppy. I'm impressed."

I buried my face in Michael's neck, laughing softly at their banter.

Michael took me to the bedroom and laid me out on the rumpled sheet, stretching his heavy body atop mine. My perked nipples scraped through his chest hair as he rubbed against me. When I tried to put my arms around him, he took hold of my wrists and pressed them against the bed. "Relax," he reminded me, lapping at the pulse at my neck. "Concentrate."

"How can I concentrate when you do that?" Leashed: Two for One Deal 59

"Do I have to tie you down?"

I was surprised by the thrill the thought gave me. I was further surprised when Michael raised his head. He met my gaze, amused, his long hair falling in a silky curtain to either side of his face.

"Rudy, did you feel that?"

"Yeah! That was awesome." The bed beside us shook. Michael tossed his head to clear the hair from one side, revealing Rudy naked and stretched out beside us. "She wants to be tied down!"

I closed my eyes and groaned.

Michael pushed back, straddling my hips. His hands went to the waist of his jeans, slowly unbuttoning them. "Not this time," he said, eyes trained on my lips. "But soon, I promise."

I licked my lips when his cock emerged, angry red, with thick, ropey veins to decorate the shaft. "Promises, promises," I rasped, clutching the hands that I kept obediently above my head.

Michael climbed off to dispose of his jeans. Rudy inched forward, pressing his front against my side. He turned my head with the tips of his fingers and angled his lips above mine. He barely touched me, teasing me by nipping at my lips. I sighed, shutting my eyes. I could feel him more than physically. The leash around his neck and cock was still invisibly linked to my heart and womb. I turned my attention to that, and my awareness of him surged softly, sluggishly. I wondered what it would be like with my full powers.

The bed sagged again, and I turned my attention. How cool! I could feel Michael coming, sense him through the leash as much as I felt his body heat. We'd discussed that a long time today, what it was that I sensed -- him, or the magic? What made it tangible? He'd told me that, even weakened, he felt this leash much more clearly than he'd felt his previous one. We theorized that it was a lot of my attraction to them and that the magic flowed along that strong pull.

He pulled my thigh toward him, spreading my legs. I lay completely limp as he tasted the inside of my leg, trailing up to my sex. He lay between my legs, scooping his hands beneath my ass, cupping it like a large slice of melon he was about to devour. I would have giggled at the mental image, but his

light kisses around my pussy distracted me. Rudy smothered my smile by taking further possession of my mouth. Michael's thumbs spread my swollen folds. His tongue followed. The arch of my back and the groan were involuntary.

They both drank at me, mouth and pussy, neither in any kind of hurry. I subsided into languid bliss, letting them pleasure my body as I explored my link to them. Our connection pulsed with my heartbeat and, I think, in time with theirs, as well. I pulled them both to me as hard as I could, frustrated when that wasn't really enough.

"Relax, Meg," Michael purred into my cunt. "It's working. Just relax." 60 Jet Mykles

Rudy backed off enough to whisper against my lips. "It feels amazing, Meg. Like you're inside of me."

Warmth suffused me at their words, and they sighed in tandem. My excitement grew, and they responded to my growing urgency. Rudy spaced kisses down my throat, over my chest, until he could cup a breast in his hand, guiding it to his mouth. I had to move. I pumped my hips at Michael's mouth and dropped my hand on Rudy's hair, holding him there. They suckled me into a warm, rolling orgasm. Groaning, I sank into it and consciously pushed it toward them. They both gasped, twitching with me.

"Mike?" Rudy asked, voice strangled.

Michael pushed up. "Let's fuck."

I laughed and let them rearrange me. Michael knelt and hauled me up into his lap, straddling him. He kissed my lips when they arrived before his, and I licked my own taste from his lips and tongue.

"Ride me, sweetheart."

With his help, I lifted up and fit that monster cock at my entrance. I pushed down. "You feel so good."

"You, too," he muttered, holding me close.

We stayed still a moment, our bodies locked and the leash pulsing softly. We didn't move until Rudy was at my back, with wet fingers probing at my ass. I took a deep breath and turned inward, fanning the flame of our desire, dribbling it to them through the leash.

"Rudy," Michael groaned.

"Yeah, yeah. I'm there."

Both of their voices were strained. I felt Rudy behind me, positioning, then pushing.

My back bent, and I clutched Michael's head to my neck. At Michael's murmured behest, I relaxed and opened, and it just got better. Rudy panted, pushing further. His hands at my waist clutched, bit. I hissed, knowing he cut me with claws he couldn't sheathe.

"Sorry," he groaned, and his voice was octaves deeper than it should be.

I pulled Michael's hair, turning his face up where I could see it. Yes. His eyes had gone pure cat, as had his teeth. Even his lips and mouth had changed, the sides of his mouth dropping to cover the lower, like a cat's mouth.

The sight thrilled me, pulsing my connection with them, and two animal groans rumbled around me. Rudy pressed in, seated within me as far as he could go. He nipped the back of my shoulder lightly, and I felt his fangs.

“Shit, Meg,” he growled.

“Take us, Meg,” Michael rumbled.

And I could. I clutched Michael for support and rocked my hips, fucking them both as they fought to stay still. I knew that they were treading a fine line, barely maintaining Leashed: Two for One Deal 61 control. I felt how close they were to slipping their human bodies. They held me, supported me, but it was time for me to take over. I swiveled, hardly aware of my physical body as I sank into our metaphysical link. Fur that wasn't tangible rubbed my skin as I lifted and sank. Smells of earth and animal and musk coated my skin. Their connection to my heart pulled, hauling Michael's chest against my breasts and Rudy's against my back. Their connection to my womb contracted, and each cock sank further into my body. I writhed between them, so close. So close! Just one thing more ...

“Bite me,” I demanded.

Neither could voice his confusion, but I felt it. I mashed Michael's face to one shoulder and reached behind me to pull Rudy's to the other. “Blood, damn it. Blood and sex. Bite me, now!”

Instinct? Command? Who knows what got them to do it, to overcome that hesitation and fear of hurting me. It didn't matter. Together they bit, sharp canines breaking skin. I howled in pain, but the orgasm struck me before it was done. I pounded them, pulling them, the leashed connection yanking orgasms from each of them.

How we stayed upright, I don't know. I sank in their embrace, whimpering. I hurt! During, I'd hardly been aware of the double penetration. As the sensation dribbled away, I felt every inch of each cock. Not to mention the bite wounds in both shoulders.

Rudy pulled away, awkwardly, and fell back on the bed. Trembling, Michael lowered me beside him, then stretched out at my side for a few moments. He tried to get up, but I stopped him. “Stay.”

“You're bleeding.”

“Not much. Stay.”

He sank back. Rudy rolled over, and both of them pressed against either of my sides. Rudy laid his hand on my belly. Michael laid his over it. They let their fingers entwine.

I didn't think it was possible to be any closer to another person, let alone two. 62 Jet Mykles

“Isn’t this a bit excessive?”

Rudy grinned, but didn’t take his eyes off the street. He slumped in the driver’s seat, both hands in the pockets of his denim jacket. Even though his mop of hair fell in his face, I had little doubt that those piercing blue eyes didn’t miss anything outside the car as they settled from window to window to rearview mirror. Outside, people in costume made their way to the pedestrian mall and the giant, cheesy-looking spider that had been mounted over the main entrance.

“We’re protecting you. That’s what we’re supposed to do.”

I stared at the street, too, conscious of the traffic passing us by as we were parked underneath a tree. “I told Roland ten o’clock. Do you really think he’ll be scouting around before that?”

“I would.”

“Why?”

He shrugged one shoulder. “I put myself in the guy’s shoes. If I really wanted a girl that bad, and I didn’t care what her feelings were about it, I’d come early, scope out the place, and take her early if I could.”

I blinked at him across the darkened car. He swiveled his head to meet my gaze, some of his soft hair falling to the side to reveal those sparkling blue eyes. His ever-present grin was there, but I was starting to get the feeling that there was a lot more to Rudy than met the eye.

“You would?”

“Yeah. If I was an obsessive, egotistical jerk.” He flashed teeth. “Which I’m not.” Leashed: Two for One Deal 63

I laughed. Despite the tension, despite the fact that we waited here for a sign from Michael that he hadn’t found anything suspicious and dangerous to me, despite the fact that I might very well become Roland’s plaything in another hour or so, Rudy made me laugh. What a precious man!

I sighed, toying with one of the jagged edges of my skirt. “I should probably just let him keep my magic. It’s never done me any good anyway.”

Rudy backhanded my arm lightly. “Hey!”

I smiled. “Ok. One or two good things have come from it. But it’s the only reason Roland wants me. It’s not like he’d want me without the magic.”

“Why wouldn’t he?”

I snorted. “Please. I’m not the type of girl guys pant over.”

He reached over to cup my chin in his fingers, turning my head toward him. He’d leaned in and was mere inches from touching my nose with his. “Then they’re stupid and blind. I happen to think you’re gorgeous.”

“That’s the leash talking.”

He trailed a knuckle down the line of my neck to softly graze my collarbone. “The leash wouldn’t make me like you. Or want to wrap yards and yards of your soft hair around my hands and use it to hold you down while I taste every curve you’ve got.”

My heart raced as I stared into his eyes and heard his words. Where had that husky quality come from? Where had he dredged up all that sincerity?

“You’re a beautiful woman, Meg, and both Michael and I look forward to getting to know you real good after we get this Roland character out of the way.”

I stared at him, clenching my hands into fists to avoid grabbing him. “Why didn’t you break the leash?”

“Don’t want to.”

“Why?”

He considered me seriously. “Michael and I love each other; I know that. But it gets to be too much sometimes. We need someone else. For balance.” He brushed my cheek with the back of his hand. “I think that’s why we were both attracted to you. You’re the third. You’re the balance.” He traced my lower lip with his thumb. “Damn, I wish Michael hadn’t told me I couldn’t kiss you.”

I drew in a stuttering breath. We’d made the connection that last time we’d had sex. Even though my magic was weak, I felt the leash humming. I had to concentrate and hold it tight. Michael was concerned that if we got distracted by fooling around, I’d lose the connection to both of them. Rudy glanced down the street, then sank back into the driver’s seat. “You’re being paced.” 64 Jet Mykles

Near the entrance, Gwen stood beside a potted tree at the end of the pedestrian mall. Actually, she stood on the pot so that we could see her above the milling, costumed crowd. Michael had said he’d send her out if the coast was clear.

“This is it,” I sighed, reaching for the door handle.

“Let’s make this fast, huh? I want to get you and Michael back home.”

Yes, he made me smile over my nerves.

I walked toward Gwen, easily avoiding anyone in the sparse crowd. The main party had started about an hour ago, so the people around me were the latecomers. I felt Rudy’s attention on my back like a warm, safe cloak. Somewhere, unseen, I knew Michael watched me as well.

“There you are,” Gwen crowed, spying me.

I waved my broom at her. She hopped down, adjusted her Little Bo Peep skirts, and we started down the walk to the shop. Between her crook and my broom, we managed not to be jostled too much by the crowd. Still, I kept a wary eye out, and bless her heart, I think Gwen did, too.

“Did you see Roland today?”

“Nope. And he’s lucky. I would have clobbered him.” She shook her shepherd’s crook.

I laughed. At all of five-foot, Gwen was hardly menacing. Well, at least until she opened her mouth. Then she was a force to be reckoned with.

“Where’s Michael?”

“Don’t know. He came in, told me what to do --” She arched a brow at me, silently telling me that she’d borne that outrage for me. “-- then left.” She laughed. “I must say, though, I approve of his costume.”

“I’ll bet!”

“And I will hold you to that promise to tell all, you slut!”

Friends. Gotta love ’em.

We got to the shop ok, but I didn’t go inside. I followed Michael’s instructions and stayed in the little courtyard between our shop and the music store. A few sturdy iron table-and-chair sets were strewn around a funky modern art sculpture that looked more like a kid’s toy than anything artistic. Surprisingly, there was no one in the courtyard. Plenty of people passed by the opening, but no one

came in to join me. Then again, I could hear the band playing at the open air amphitheater down the way, and that seemed to be where most of the crowd was headed.

I sat in one of the iron chairs. Then stood, too antsy to be still. I considered going into the shop to get a cup of coffee to keep me busy for a few minutes, but a voice stopped me.

“Meg.” Leashed: Two for One Deal 65

Chapter Ten

I turned. Roland stood at the edge of the courtyard, flanked by Brent and one of the men he'd had with him yesterday. A Roman senator's toga draped Roland's slim build, part of the white-and-violet tail draped over his bare shoulder. He even had a golden leaf crown on his curly brown hair. The men flanking him were dressed as Roman centurions.

“I approve of your outfit,” he said, looking me up and down with a possessiveness that I didn't appreciate.

“Shouldn't you have dressed as the Marquis de Sade?”

“Very funny.” He held out his hand. “Shall we go?”

“Go?”

“Yes. To my house. To a real Samhain celebration, not this --” He glanced disdainfully over his shoulder. “-- farce.”

“I don't think I want to go to a party at your place, Roland.”

He stared down his long, straight nose at me. “I don't think you have a choice.”

I held out my hand. “Hey, Roland, why don't you just give me the little ball with my magic and go away. No harm, no foul.” Hey, it was worth a try, right?

He laughed, but there was no humor in it. “Oh, Meg, you are droll.”

“That's me. Drolly Meg.” I wiggled my fingers. “Hand it over.”

“Did you think I brought it with me?”

My blood ran cold. Actually, I had. Michael had. The whole plan hinged on that.

Roland's smile grew. “What did you think, Meg? That I'd give you back your magic, you'd recover and be able to escape me?” He stepped toward me as I stood frozen in shock. “I am not stupid, my dear.” 66

Jet Mykles

Apparently not. He took my hand and started to draw me away. I wanted to scream. I wanted to call for Michael. But I didn't. He didn't know. This could still work, couldn't it? I had to get to the ball before I could start anything in motion.

Gwen raced out of the shop, stepping in front of Brent, who led the way. She held her crook across her body, almost as though she knew how to use it as a weapon. "You're not taking her anywhere."

"Go find your sheep, Bo Peep," Roland advised, holding fast to my wrist.

"Let her go."

"Don't make me hurt you, little girl."

"Fuck you."

Roland sneered. He raised his hand and flicked his fingers, as though batting a moth from his face. Gwen stumbled out of her solid stance, not catching herself until she thudded against the wall of our shop.

"Hey!"

Roland rounded on me, squeezing to hurt my wrist. "Do not toy with me, Meg. Not tonight. I won't tolerate it. I've been patient until now."

My blood ran cold. I knew he was an icy bastard, but this behavior was new. Economy of motion and emotion -- that was Roland. Tonight, for him, he was being passionate.

"It's ok, Gwen," I said lamely, not taking my eyes from Roland's steely blue gaze. "Roland's just taking me to a party at his place."

He nodded, straightened, and turned.

Gwen pushed from the wall toward us, but halted when Roland held up his hand, palm out toward her.

"Don't think to call any authorities," Roland advised her. "Go back inside. Meg will call you tomorrow."

Gwen didn't take her eyes off me. I tried to convey my thoughts with my eyes. Tell Michael and Rudy where he's taking me. She knew where Roland lived, even if she'd never been there.

She ground her teeth. "Meg?"

"Just going to a party, Gwen. I'll see you later, and we'll talk about those guys you met."

Roland lost patience and hauled me away, toward the parking lot.

I sat in the back of the limo, trying not to shake. Roland went on and on about how wonderful this was, how fitting our life together should start on Samhain, witches' new year. It was, indeed, a powerful time and one I did not relish spending with him.

He tried to put his arm around me, but I squirmed away. When he pushed the issue, I went so far as to sit on the floor of the limo. Brent, seated across from us, had to move his Leashed: Two for One Deal

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legs aside. His thick features very carefully did not smile, but I think I saw the glint of amusement when I glared up at him.

Roland was not amused. "Meg, you're being childish."

I put my thumb in my mouth.

I heard the growl, but totally didn't expect the fingers that bit sharply into my shoulder to turn

me around, nor the resounding slap across my face. I stared up at him in horror.

“You will learn to obey me. Do you understand me, Meg?”

“I understand that you’d better not do that again.”

His eyes narrowed to angry slits, making his lean face resemble nothing so much as a spitting cobra. How come when Michael slitted his eyes at me, it melted my insides, but when Roland did it, they rolled in nausea?

“Or what, Meg? Don’t you understand? You’re mine now. I’ve been very nice about it until now. And I can continue to be nice.” He slapped me again. “But don’t push me.”

My mother. My oldest sister. One of my aunts. These are the only people who have ever gotten away with slapping me. I’d sought and achieved revenge on the few others who’d tried. I sat quietly in the limo, glaring daggers at Roland until he slapped me again. Then I glared daggers at my hands, determined that with or without my absent shifters, I would make Roland pay. 68 Jet Mykles

Chapter Eleven

Roland’s house was as ostentatious as he. One of those gorgeous showplace homes that look really nice but that no one can actually live in. We parked, and he hauled me inside. We went straight through the marble entry, the black-and-chrome living room, and the sparse, art deco formal dining room, and exited through the sliding doors to the landscaped backyard.

There, a small group of people were gathered. Roland, his two centurions, and one more bodyguard were the men present. The five women were clustered about a bonfire on a paved patio area above the pool. They were all dressed in skimpy outfits that made my witch’s costume look like a nun’s habit. All talk ceased when Roland pulled me outside, but I don’t think he noticed. The women stared at us, and it was only then that I noticed that they were penned on the patio by a spell. I could see it wavering at the edges of the pavement like heat waves off pavement.

Pig!

These were the poor members of his coven. I didn’t even want to use the word to describe what he’d done. A coven was supposed to be a good thing. A gathering of witches who had reached an accord. A group of like-minded people who agreed to use their powers together, usually for the protection of the group. But that’s not what this was. Roland had forced this accord. None of the

women in that circle showed their magic, so they were either very powerful, or not at all powerful. I was betting on the latter. He'd overwhelmed them, taken them hostage, and forced them into a so-called accord. Oh, he might have done it with seduction, might have convinced them to join, but the end result was the same.

I mentally clutched my leashes. I was actually kind of surprised that Roland didn't see them, but they were weak to the magical sight. They were a thing more felt than seen by any but me, and I wasn't sure Roland could feel anything. I took heart from the echo of furry Leashed: Two for One Deal 69

bodies and warm strength. I couldn't tell if they were close or not. I tried to monitor the feel of it. Did that sense of presence mean that they were close? Or was that my hopeful imagination?

Roland drew me toward a courtyard of pounded earth beside the patio. A circled pentagram was burned into the ground. Ornate stands held lit torches at each of the five points. Even without my magic, I could feel the power of it, and it stank of Roland. This was his main focus.

Which made it dangerous. "Oh, hell no!" I fought to free my wrist from his grip, digging in my heels.

Roland held on. "Meg, the time is now. I am finished toying with you."

"No! I'm not going in there."

"No? That's the only way to get your magic back."

He snapped his fingers, and Brent brought him a bag. Roland pulled that small ball out of it. I grabbed for the ball, but Roland wrapped his long fingers around it. I snarled at the fingers and couldn't believe it when that fist came at my face. He caught me solid on the jaw, throwing me sideways. I stumbled and fell.

Right into the circle of power.

Roland stepped in with me before I could scramble out. He spoke a word, and the circle flared to life, enclosing us.

Still smarting, I pushed to sit. "You fucking bastard."

"You will learn not to use such language."

"What are you? My father?"

"From this moment forward, I am your everything." t

"Oh, man. You're not full of yourself or anything."

He hit me again, and this time I tasted blood. My lip poured blood over the teeth that had cut it. He was so going to pay for that!

He stalked to the center of the circle and spent a moment to loosen his toga. It fell in a white-and-violet puddle at his feet, revealing his naked body to the torchlight and moonlight. He was actually quite a good-looking man, if you liked tall and slim. He kept himself in good shape, even though it looked like he'd never get any muscle mass. His slimness was entirely different from Rudy's. Rudy was sleek, but he had curves and definition and decided bulk to his muscles. If it were possible, I'd swear that Roland had had his muscles painted on or sculpted, rather than doing anything physical to acquire them.

Looked like hitting me excited him. Either that, or the power surrounding us. Because his cock was at three-quarter mast.

He snapped his fingers. "Come here." 70 Jet Mykles

I wanted to fight, but even I know when to be quiet sometimes. He still held my magic in that ball, and that was what I had to get back. I got to my feet and walked to him, glaring. I almost expected to get hit again, but I guess he figured he had the upper hand.

He held the ball in his fist between us, fingers facing up. "Take my hand."

I took a breath and brought my spell to mind. Would it work through a circle of power? Those circles were designed to keep magic in or out. What did my hold on the leashes count as?

Well, I wasn't going anywhere. Might as well do what I could. I put my hand on Roland's.

His grin of triumph was sickening, even if it was cool and understated. He reached out to grip my shoulder with his free hand, then opened his mouth to start his incantation.

I stared at our hands. Once he'd begun, I started muttering my own incantation. Contrary to myth, the words aren't really important. Not if they don't mean anything to the spell-caster. The words are to help the focus, to help guide the magic. You can do magic without the words, but it was harder and tended to get away. The only visual I can give is a water hose. Use a hose and you can direct where the water goes. Without the hose, you pretty much just get everything wet.

So I clutched the feel of the leashes linked to my heart and womb, and I used the words that helped me to define the theories Michael and I had discussed earlier in the day. My words were lost in Roland's exuberant voice, my actions unclear to him as he crowed to the moon. My words were empty at first. The circle wasn't mine, so the magic was sluggish at best, but I pushed it, clutching the hand and the ball inside my hand, reaching out, desperately searching the furred presence that would help me do this.

Was that a cough I heard? Or was that one of those short, feline barks that big cats make? I'm pretty sure that was definitely a bark. Whatever, I felt the fur, felt the muscle, and dug my metaphorical fingers into it until I touched two warm, familiar souls.

Weak, weird magic burbled within me, and I channeled it down my arm. I clutched at Roland's hand and the ball inside it. His chant reached inside me, sought to settle a spell like the leash on my soul. I fought it back, wrapping myself in my dual layers of bestial protection. My chant gained volume as I siphoned their connection to me, taking all they offered until that weak warmth touched the ball in Roland's clutches.

A feline scream pierced the night, followed by human, feminine shrieks.

Roland's chant faltered, his concentration broken despite his exuberance. I knew what was out there, so I didn't stop chanting, didn't take my eyes from our hands as that strange magic I took from Rudy and Michael touched the ball. Like to like kissed through the veil of Roland's spell. Real light flooded our hands. It does that when two strong spells collide.

Roland snarled, pulling his hand to try and free it, but I held fast. He gripped my shoulder, and though he unknowingly found Rudy's bite mark and it hurt, I held fast. My Leashed: Two for One Deal 71

magic flooded back into me, sinking into my being and overflowing into the animals that shored me up.

Out of the corner of my eye, outside the haze of the circle of power, I saw a black jaguar, then a wolf flash by. But I couldn't concentrate on them. Didn't really know if they were real, or a reflection of my inner sight. I wasn't done with my spell, and it took all my concentration.

Roland fought me. Not physically, but he tried to counter my chant. He was good. He was also

more educated than I. But I had brute strength on my side.

I lifted my gaze to his. I let all my hatred show. How dare he hit me! How dare he try to pen me. Me and other women. Other witches. How dare he!

I dug my fingernails into the meat of his thumb, drawing blood. He stood toe to toe with me, speaking, but I couldn't make out his chant. Couldn't afford to try. I gathered magic, gathered myself, gathered the brute force of my will, and abruptly slammed it at him, right between the eyes.

He choked, eyes rolling up into his head. He fell to his knees. I held on to his hand, channeling the force of my rage into him. I didn't even chant now. Didn't need it. I was spilling power all over the circle, but it didn't matter. He thought he'd drain me? Yeah, well, fuck him. I'd drain him.

His lips moved, but I cut off his words by slapping him with my free hand. He was stunned in the magical sense as well as in the physical. In my unreasoning rage, I reversed my attack and pulled. I'd show him what it was like to be without magic!

I pulled and pulled. I wasn't sure what. I'd never done anything like this before. I had a vague thought that this probably wasn't a good thing. It seemed that I had some of his thoughts now. A memory? Was that a spell?

In shock, I stopped. The world halted. I stared down at Roland's slack face. His circle of power resonated around me. No. My circle of power.

I dropped his hand. Both he and the innocuous little ball -- empty of anything now -- fell to the ground.

I dropped the circle.

Immediately, I was surrounded by two furry bodies. A wolf, tall enough to reach my waist, pressed against the front of my legs. A jaguar slid against the back of my legs, just brushing my ass. Anxious, I reached down to dig my fingers into real fur. I dropped to my knees, uncaring who else was present, and buried my face in the ruff at Rudy's neck.

And wept. 72 Jet Mykles

Chapter Twelve

I'm hazy on the details that happened right after that.

We left Roland's house without further confrontation. I didn't know at the time if anyone

offered resistance. All I knew was furred warmth, then naked-man warmth. It was Rudy who picked me up and carried me away. I know that because I remembered his sweet summer scent.

I curled into his arms and shook. Shuddered. It was like the chills, except that I was far from hot. But neither was I cold. I was full to bursting with raw power that I had no idea how to control.

A flash of a woman whom I'd never met. But I knew her. Rather, Roland had known her. Sweet Goddess, did I have his memories?

A car door opened, and Rudy and I sank into the darkness. His hand cradled the back of my head, pressing my face into his neck as he murmured to me. I absorbed his heat, pressing gladly into his naked chest as another car door opened. A minute later, the car moved.

I whimpered.

"Meg, sweets, do you hear me? Mike, she won't stop shaking."

"Power shock," I heard Michael say. "She lost it and sucked up his power."

"Shit! Can they do that?"

"Obviously."

"Is that why he dropped like a stone?"

"Yeah."

I groaned. My teeth chattered.

"Mike! What do I do?" Leashed: Two for One Deal 73

"Meg, do you hear me?"

I groaned. Couldn't form words. Words didn't mean anything. I understood them, but only in passing. My mind was a cacophony of color and sound that made very little sense. What if I just released it? Would I explode?

"Meg!"

No. Can't release it. Gotta pull it in. But that was like trying to gather feathers in the wind. No, feathers in a tornado when you're standing in the eye of the storm.

"Fuck her."

"What?"

"Fuck her. Now. She needs the connection. Needs the release."

"You've got to be kidding!"

"Do I look like I'm kidding?"

I whimpered, cuddling into Rudy's chest. Oh, yes! That was a better thought. Better than exploding. Fuck me silly, wolfman, so I don't have to try and control a storm.

I tried to help him as he arranged me to straddle his lap, but I couldn't seem to turn on the part of my brain that worked my limbs. I barely knew they were my limbs.

Silky hair twined in my hand as I fucked the screaming girl from behind, my cock raw from taking her before she was ready.

My cock! Oh, no! Nonononononono! I did not want Roland's memories.

Lips pressed at my temple. Warm, male lips begging me to come back. Rudy. Fingers probed between my legs, and I hissed at the shot of red lightning that cracked the storm inside me.

"Goddess, she's wet!"

"Power will do that," Michael said.

Oh, yes! There it was. The head of Rudy's cock at my entrance. Seizing control through the storm, I managed to dig my fingers into his shoulders and drop heavily forward, impaling myself in one hard glide. Did he gasp? Or did I? Long and hard, Rudy rammed into the mouth of my womb. Pain. Pleasure. Easier to focus.

Beneath me, Rudy cried out, but I had to trust that he was all right, that he was strong enough to take this, because I had to ride him. My hips took on a life of their own, rolling into him, grinding against him, the frantic, mindless fucking of animals driven by a need more than a want. I know I bruised something inside me, but failed to care. Fucking him held the storm at bay, hovering over and around me, but not battering at me. The pleasure-pain kept my concentration. I had use of my body again, and it was far preferable to the resounding storm of power. This was me. This was Rudy. This was my experience. I pulled up and slammed down and drew blood from his shoulders with my nails. I came, howling, only realizing as I came down that Rudy's own howl echoed mine. 74 Jet Mykles

I slumped against the back of the front passenger seat, opening my eyes finally. I saw Rudy through a haze, my inner sight picking up magical residue in the air. Through it, I saw very clearly the wolf superimposed on the sweaty, panting man slumped in the backseat.

The car stopped with a hitch, shoving Rudy forward against me, then dumping us both back on the seat. I hadn't righted myself before the back door opened and Michael's huge, hairy arms gathered me up.

Oh, the smell of him! The feel. He was all feline strength and grace as he carried me inside. I circled his neck with my arms and squirmed until I could wrap my legs around his waist. His cock nestled against my dripping, swollen folds, and I tilted my hips to slide against him lengthwise through my sex.

He growled, a sound entirely alien to a human throat. The hands that grasped my ass were tipped with claws. Tilting my head back, I saw his cat shaped eyes briefly before he dropped me. I bounced on the mattress that I only dimly realized was his and Rudy's. Before I could move, he flipped me onto my belly with my knees tucked beneath me. He draped over my back like a heavy blanket.

"Let it go, Meg," he growled in my ear, his chin bumping in my shoulder, digging into the wound he'd made the previous night. Clawed hands snatched at my thighs, parting them so he could push inside me.

I screamed.

"Let it go, Meg. Fill me up. Give me what you can't handle."

I didn't know what he meant. What a ridiculous thing to say when he was the one filling me with that thick, hard cock. He was abrading my already bruised pussy, and it was wonderful, even as I was sure I was going to die from it.

He bit my shoulder, jaguar teeth piercing skin. "Damn it, Meg, pay attention," he slurred around his teeth and, I'm sure, my blood.

Blood.

Blood of a woman who wouldn't do my bidding. A weak witch. Her life's essence pouring into a chalice for me to drink.

I screamed, incoherent with fear. Too much! With Roland's memory surged the power, power that hadn't left me, had only abated for brief moments after my orgasm with Rudy. I scrambled at the

mattress, witlessly trying to escape, but Michael surrounded me, pinned me down. I couldn't get away. I couldn't escape.

He battered at me. Bit me. "Damn it, give it to me."

I let go and vaguely aimed the storm at him. He froze, his entire muscular body seizing. For one, bright, too-clear moment, we were one. Michael, me, and Rudy, who I couldn't see but I knew was near. The storm spread out between us, thinned, and it was like I was in a plane that suddenly broke above the clouds. I could see the power for what it was. See that it was too much for me. But it wasn't too much for us. Using practices I'd known since learning Leashed: Two for One Deal 75

to work my magic, I tucked the power away, filled every nook and cranny of each of us that could take it. Stored it up and thinned it out into manageable pieces. That which wasn't essential, I let dissipate into the mattress, the walls, the floor, the nightstand, those things that belonged to Michael and Rudy and were, by extension, a part of them.

I breathed in the fitted sheet bunched underneath me, drenched with sweat. My sweat. Sweat dripping off Michael, who still wholly encased me underneath his body. We didn't move. We just breathed. I could hear Rudy panting somewhere off to my left.

Michael moved first, stretching his jaws to remove his teeth from my shoulder. "Is it done?" he asked, voice gravelly.

"Yes."

"Good. Now I'm going to fuck you."

He shoved forward, pushing a gasp from me. He was still inside me. Still hard. Harder, maybe, now that the desperation was over. I clutched the mattress and moaned.

"Feel good?"

"Yeah."

"Need me to stop?"

"You do and I'll kill you."

Laughing darkly, he eased up off my back, bracing himself on both brawny arms to either side of my shoulders. He slammed into me. No smooth, slow teasing this time. This was a ravenous taking, a beast laying his claim. He braced me with hands on my waist and took me. 76 Jet Mykles

Chapter Thirteen

We slept. I woke happily nestled in the curve of Michael's body. My cheek was on Rudy's chest, my chest and belly mashed against his side. Rudy's hand was, I think, caressing Michael somewhere, because the arm beneath my head kept moving. Michael's arm was draped over me, his hand settled just below Rudy's nipple. It was hot as hell, and I was a tad uncomfortable, but I kept my mouth shut because I was loving the closeness.

"Is Roland dead?" I asked finally.

Michael tensed, then relaxed. "Probably. If not, he's very likely a vegetable. I think you destroyed his brain."

"I've got his memories. Some of them, at least."

Rudy clutched my hand where his and mine lay on his belly.

"It's ok. I think. I haven't had one flash before me since you fucked me silly."

We all laughed.

"What happened?"

Michael rolled off me. "I'm not entirely sure. When the circle fell, Brent and the women in the circle passed out. We'd already taken care of one of the other shifters." He sat on the edge of the bed, facing away. "I didn't pay much attention, I'm afraid. I ran to you."

Tears blurring my sight, I reached a hand toward him. He gripped my fingers, but wouldn't come closer when I tugged.

"Thank you."

He smiled, a bit sadly, and kissed my fingers before rising from the bed and padding toward the bathroom. Leashed: Two for One Deal 77

Beside me, Rudy twisted, forcing me to back up a bit. We ended up on our sides, facing each other. He cupped my chin in his hands, thumbing away some of my tears. The comforting smile on his face was priceless. "You're safe. We've got you."

I had to smile. "Thank you."

"You're welcome." He kissed the tears on my cheeks. The gentleness only made me cry harder.

He gathered me in his arms and held me close as I cried. I wasn't unhappy. The tears were more of a release, the ability to let go after a horrifying event.

He pushed me to my back and lay on top of me. His lips found mine, kissing me through the soft crying. It was enough to stop the tears. Soon, I was kissing him back, twining my body into his.

He entered me slowly, settling inside me as though it were the most natural place for him to be. And it was.

He was slow and languid, in no hurry to rush our pleasure in each other. After the hurried fucking from before, this was like a homecoming.

The bed moved, and we both peeked over Rudy's shoulder. Michael positioned himself behind Rudy between my spread legs. He held a tube in his hands. Lightly, he patted Rudy's back. "Gather your legs up."

I couldn't miss the eager look on Rudy's face. Without leaving my body, he bent his knees until my thighs were draped across his, my hips secure in the bend of his body.

I watched Michael pour clear liquid into his palm. "Meg. Do you mind?"

Rudy nipped at my jaw. I stared at Michael, spellbound. Was he intending what I thought he was intending?

He lowered his wet hand, out of my sight. But when Rudy tensed and sighed happily, I could certainly guess what he was doing.

Michael's eyes met mine. "Do you mind?"

"No."

Rudy licked my neck, and I think he got a little harder inside me. Michael's gaze dropped to watch whatever he was doing with his hands. Rudy rocked into me. Michael poured more lube into his palm, closed the tube, and tossed it aside. Even though I couldn't see his hand once he dropped it, the movement of his upper arm told me he was pumping his cock.

He edged forward, and I'm pretty sure I knew the exact moment he penetrated Rudy, because Rudy tensed, then groaned, then just seemed to melt on top of me. His chest pinned my breasts between us, and his forearms cushioned the back of my shoulders. His hair brushed like fragrant feathers against the side of my face as he buried his nose in the pillow beneath my head. 78 Jet Mykles

Michael adjusted and continued to push, his eyes on what was happening between them. But I was part of it. Rudy's arms slid up under me, clutching me. His mouth suckled my ear, nipping it. I heard his breathless groan as Michael slid endlessly forward. I watched Michael until he stopped. Remembering what it looked like to see Michael buried inside Rudy made me wiggle. Which made Rudy squirm. Which made Michael groan. Michael caught my eye, grinned, then slowly pulled out.

Rudy hissed, his fingers clutching my shoulders.

Michael took it slow a few times. He settled his hands on Rudy's back. "You ok?"

"Oh, yeah," Rudy moaned.

"Harder?"

"Please."

He did, and this time I echoed Rudy's hiss. The strength of that shove pushed Rudy into me. About that time, I realized that, in this position, Michael could fuck us both.

He did. Just a bit faster and harder at first, until Rudy was trembling and mewling. I echoed Rudy, shoving forward with my hips to take as much of Rudy as I could. Caught between us, Rudy cried out, clutching the mattress beneath me. Michael took our cues and picked up the pace. The bed shook with the force of what he did to us, and we both loved it.

I came. That triggered Rudy's shattering release. Michael wasn't far behind.

We fell in a tumble of sweaty bodies. I was too tired and too sore to move and relished the feeling.

Michael broke me out of my bliss by crawling up beside me and leaning over me.

"Put the leashes back."

I blinked at him. "Huh?"

"The leashes. They're gone. Put them back."

I struggled to clear my sight. Realized what I was doing and switched to inner sight. Indeed, the glowing pulses around their necks were absent, and the tugs on my heart and womb were gone. I must have lost them in one of the many magical explosions of the night.

I met his gaze. Licked my lips. "Are you sure?"

He did me the honor of not making light. "Yes."

"It's all over. You don't have to."

"I want to."

He glanced at Rudy, who nodded emphatically.

"Why?"

Michael wanted to dodge the question. I could see that. His big shoulders, sweaty from our exertions, tensed. He took a deep breath, glanced at Rudy again, then said, "Because we need you. And you need us. The leash makes it complete." Leashed: Two for One Deal 79

Troubled, I looked from one to the other. "The leashes are a sign of ownership. I don't want to own you."

Michael snorted. "And I don't want you to. I'll fight you every step of the way." His face grew strangely tender, a softening I'd yet to see on those harsh features. "But I do wish to be joined with you. We've already found something special. I don't want to lose that. Or lose you."

I glanced at Rudy. Who nodded with a grin.

My heart surged and my soul sang. I brought up the leashing spell, and settling it on their bodies, their souls, was the easiest spell I'd ever cast.

Jet Mykles

As far back as junior high, Jet used to write sex stories for friends involving their favorite pop icons of the time. To this day, she hasn't stopped writing sex, although her knowledge on the subject has vastly improved.

An ardent fan of fantasy and science fiction sagas, Jet prefers to live in a world of imagination where dragons are real, elves are commonplace, vampires are just people with special diets and lycanthropes live next door. In her own mind, she's the spunky heroine who gets the best of everyone and always attracts the lean, muscular lads. She aids this fantasy with visuals created through her other obsession: 3D graphic art. In this area, as in writing, Jet's self-taught and thoroughly entranced, and now regularly uses this art to illustrate her stories or her stories to expand upon her art.

Only recently, through the wonders of the digital age, has Jet, a self-proclaimed hermit, been able to really share this work with others. It was through a series of images posted to the erotic art website Renderotica and encouragement from the fabulous Angela Knight that she finished and submitted a story to Loose Id.

In real life, Jet lives in southern California with her boyfriend of nine years, his daughter and father and nine cats. She has a bachelor's degree in acting, but her loathing of auditions has kept her out of the limelight. So she turned to computers and currently works in product management for a software company, because even in real life, she can't help but want to create something out of nothing.

Visit Jet on the Web at www.computerotika.com.